NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----FOR THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

VOLUME { LI. OLD SERIES. XXVII. NEW SERIES. BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1872. ESTABLISHED, 1822. RE-ISSUED 1849. { NUMBER 44.

Bureau of Statistics Treasury Dep't

New England Farmer.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

R. P. EATON & CO.

No. 34 Merchants' Row, Boston, Mass.

SIMON BROWN, . . . AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.
S. FLETCHER, ... ASSISTANT AG. EDITOR.
RUSSELL P. EATON, . . . GENERAL EDITOR.

ADVANCE PAYMENTS.

OUR subscribers will please note particularly the date opposite their names, on the paper. It signifies *the time to which they have paid.* By our terms, money paid after three months from such date must be at the rate of $3 a year. It is hardly necessary to add that $1.25 at the end of six months *pays for only five months' paper.* Money sent by mail, when properly sealed and directed, is at our risk. Money orders, or drafts for large amounts, payable to our order, are preferred.

Special Notice.

In reply to inquiries, we would say that the FARMER will be sent to all subscribers until a discontinuance is ordered. The date to which payment is made is given on each paper, so that every subscriber can ascertain for himself the time when his subscription ends. All money sent us within three months of the commencement of the subscription will be regarded as in advance. We would also state that our *lowest and only terms* are given on our third page. We have no Club Terms. We have fixed our rates as low as the times will allow, and we give our readers their full money's worth.

☞ See Third Page for Terms, &c. ☜

Subscribers will observe the date on the labels with which their papers are addressed. This date is the time to which the subscription is paid. When a new payment is made, this date will be immediately altered, so that the label is a constant receipt in full for the time which the subscriber has paid.

Subscribers noticing any error in their dates, will please notify us at once, as mistakes are much more easily corrected when pointed out soon after their occurrence.

Editorial.

SETTING OUT SHADE TREES.

OCCASIONALLY we are asked the question, whether the autumn is a favorable season for transplanting shade trees. We always reply in the affirmative. Some of the reasons for this opinion, are, that most OTHER FARM WORK IS NOT PRESSING, in October and November, as it is in planting time, when the seed must be committed to the soil, or the year's crop will be lost. With most of us, the work would be done better at this comparatively leisure season.

Success in transplanting mainly depends upon the manner in which it is done, although something depends upon the kind of plant to be removed. Tap-rooted plants are more difficult to manage than those which spread their roots near the surface. Much more digging is required in order to be able to lift them from their bed, and the more digging there is, the more danger there will be of injuring the roots. Where the roots lie near the surface, the danger of breaking or mutilating them is much less, and so is the labor of transplanting. Numerous failures occur in transplanting the shellbark walnut, because few persons have patience to follow down the tap-root, which penetrates perpendicularly into the soil, and has few or no fibrous roots upon its sides. The root is usually cut off, and with it the bunch of fibrous roots on its extreme end, and thus the tree is deprived of its leading means of support, and so dies. This is the case with the chestnut tree. At least, it sends down a long tap-root, but we are not certain whether it is barren of fibrous roots on its sides or not. Few persons succeed in transplanting either of these trees. The seeds of each are planted in nurseries, the trees at a year old lifted, and the tap-root cut off and the tree set out again. After two or three years more of growth, they can be successfully transplanted, but will hardly be likely to make large and enduring trees.

Cause of Failure in Transplanting.

The prime cause of failure in transplanting trees is in the injury which the tree receives in taking it up. Most persons begin by digging some two feet from the tree, and with the broadside of the spade facing the stem of the tree. In this way, if any roots extend beyond the spade, they are certainly cut off. This should never be done, but the side of the spade turned to the tree, and the earth carefully lifted out. If there are roots near, they will then be loosened and brought into sight, and may be preserved. The small roots which cluster around the large ones are the feeders, and should be preserved without mutilation, and in their full length if possible. Cutting them off, or injuring them, cuts off the means of support to the tree.

The roots of trees taken up, should not become dry. If they are to be transported, they ought to be packed in moss or straw, or matting, and be kept moist during all the time they are out of the ground. When set where they are expected to grow, the crown of the roots should stand upon the level of the soil about them, and the soil sufficiently drained so that no standing water shall remain about them. The centre of the earth in the hole should be slightly the highest, the roots carefully spread out in every direction, and rest upon a fine rich soil.

If a transplanted tree is seven to ten feet high, it ought to be confined so that the wind shall not stir the roots. This may be done by stakes or by stones placed around the base of the tree.

The Autumn is a good Time to Transplant, because it affords the tree more opportunity to throw out feeders before leafing, than it would have if transplanted in the spring. A tree, or at least some portion of it, is probably always in action. Trees, therefore, set in October, after their leaves have fallen, or even in November, would have some weeks to get established in their new position, by the soil getting settled about them, filling all the insterstices among the roots, and sending out a new set of roots which might attain a considerable size before the ground is closed by frost.

Such are some of the reasons why we think the autumn a favorable season for transplanting shade or fruit trees.

Quite large trees may be transplanted in the winter by digging about them in November, leaving a ball of earth to freeze about their roots, and remove them after the ball is frozen. In this way we have transplanted elms and pines successfully, which were from six to eight inches in diameter, having never lost a tree. The hole to receive them should also be dug in advance. Some elms and white pines transplanted twenty-four years ago, are now two feet in diameter.

—A singular feature of the storms of the present season has been their concentration within limited territory. While the Schuylkill and the Delaware have been swollen for ten weeks, the water in the Potomac is lower than at any time within twenty years.

THE HORSE DISEASE.

The disease among horses, of which we gave some account last week, *is* spreading with fearful rapidity in Boston and adjoining towns. So far this malady appears in a milder form than it assumed in Canada, but its contagiousness is remarkable. The *Advertiser* says that within forty-eight hours of the first case being discovered here, over one thousand horses were attacked, and in four days, at least seven-eighths of the entire number of animals in the city were suffering from the disease. It is spreading with great rapidity in all the adjoining towns, as well as in various portions of this State, Maine and New Hampshire. The disease is so severe in New York that not more than one-quarter of the usual number of teams are seen in the streets. Hundreds of teamsters are out of employment, and much inconvenience is experienced in the shipment of freights, and in all business which requires the use of horses. Here, as well as in New York, the horse railroad, stage and trucking business has received a severe shock, and cars, *omnibuses, &c.*, are decreased in number and run irregularly; the "Red Line" coaches were suspended altogether on Thursday, not one of the 220 horses on this line escaping the disease.

The *Advertiser* publishes the following opinion of Dr. Very, the surgeon employed by the city:—

He says the disease is a species of acute catarrh with a fever, not entirely unlike that usual among horses; but that it differs in many respects, the symptoms varying both in character and intensity. The majority of the cases are a mild form of the inflammatory disease of the mucous membrance of the throat and nostrils. In some cases there is a swelling of the throat, in others a dryness of the nostrils and throat, causing an uncomfortable and painful sensation, which is manifested by unsuccessful attempts at sneezing, accompanied with violent coughing. Instead of the ordinary accelerated pulse which accompanies simple fever, there is discovered a weak, wavering pulse, showing that the vital forces have become diminished—a condition like that produced by belladonna, aconite and other sedatives. In the milder forms of the distemper there is a paleness of the membranes of the eye and nostril, indicating a feeble arterial circulation. In the severer forms these membranes assume a yellow or brown color, showing the non-elimination of bile, similar to that which is the symptom which occurs in typhoid influenza. As a disease, it progresses and assumes a form worse than that of typhoid influenza. The respiration is accelerated, and the pulse becomes quicker and more distinct and irregular. The origin of the disease is, like that of many other distempers, unknown. The peculiar atmosphere, however, has some connection with the infection, as horses only are affected. A specific poison infuses itself into the blood, and is generated in the animal. The horses are affected according to their condition and surroundings. With regard to the treatment, he says the proper remedy in most cases is one drain of chlorate of potash dissolved in a half-pail of water, to b: given morning and evening. In some of the severer cases he recommends one-half dram of calomel to be placed on the tongue. In cases where there are symptoms of weakness stimulants may be given, with one-half dram of fluid extract of cayenne, to be placed undiluted under the tongue. The use of aconite, belladonna and such sedatives should never be permitted, as they serve to lower the bearing of the heart and otherwise imperil the life of the horse. When the nostrils become dry they should be steamed two or three times a day by means of a bucket of hay or oats, upon which boiling water should be poured. To perfect the steaming process, the head of the animal should be then placed so as to inhale the steam. During hay and oats used in steaming, after becoming cool, should be given to the animal, as it serves to nourish and strengthen him. Horses without appetite should be given small quantities of food at long intervals. The horses affected with the disease should be carefully nursed and kept well clothed. Horses affected should not be worked in any case. Dr. Very said the whole matter had not been properly represented to the press, the distemper being of a more severe form than was at first anticipated. The greatest ratio of deaths would be among those horses which have been worked after becoming affected.

In England, where it is said that this disease is well known, it is the common practice to burn a few ounces of sulphur on a pan of coals, five or six times daily, so that every part of the stable may become fumigated; and, during the more entirely than what was predicted, and what has actually occurred. The Mississippi valley was then a vast, unbroken wilderness, with only a few feeble and scattered settlements, mostly along the Ohio river. It was generally believed that settlement and civilization could extend beyond the Alleghanies only to a very limited degree. But with prophetic eye, looking far into the future, the poet described with wonderful accuracy what we behold to-day. A more literal fulfilment of prophecy, has probably never transpired. To-day the banks of Erie are literally studded with the "glittering haunts of men," extending far into the interior.

The *Journal* gives the following as a simple remedy for the distemper.

Administer a tablespoonful of ground ginger three times a day, mixed with their feed, and at night the same dose, mixed with hot mush. Ten drops of aconite, given in two ounces of water, has been found to relieve the cough which attends the malady. Hostlers and others whose duty calls them near diseased horses cannot be too careful to avoid being poisoned by the discharge of matter from the nostrils.

A dispatch from Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 24, says there was a severe frost here last night, but the horse disease has taken a severer form than ever. Last evening no horses were to be seen in the streets. Store-keepers are delivering goods to city customers in hand-carts. Contractors for building houses have suspended work to a great extent.

In Boston the dry goods merchants are seriously contemplating the use of oxen in place of horses for the transportation of their goods to and from depots and wharves.

SKOWHEGAN, ME., FARMERS' CONVENTION.

Notwithstanding the fact that in none of the other New England States are farmer's meetings as interesting as those held in Maine, we are sorry to learn by the *Maine Farmer* that the late session of the Board "in the very heart of the Kennebec Valley" was thinly attended. The stormy weather and the occurrence of an agricultural exhibition in the neighborhood during the sessions are offered as apologies for the absence of the farmers of the vicinity. The abstracts given by the *Maine Farmer* of the essays read on the first and second days of the session, by Messrs. Morris, Fernald, Gilbert, Goodale, and Lang, indicate thought and care in preparation, but there were so few farmers present that "the very best attempts of the officers of the Convention—two or three times repeated—to get up a discussion among those in attendance—not members of the Board—signally failed."

The *Farmer* adds, "the topic which formed the leading subject of several of the papers presented, and which was to have been the main staple for discussion, viz: whether the changes which have been made in farm practice within the last ten to twenty years, in this State, are such as fully correspond to the changes which have taken place during that period, in the circumstances and conditions under which agriculture is pursued—is one of vital importance, and it was hoped when selected and announced, sometime since, that it would draw out several discussions of interest and value. This we regret to say was not the case and we certainly hope the committee will recommend that the same general subject be continued for present tion and discussion at some future session held under more favorable auspices."

In speaking of the reasons why farming in the older portions of the State is not as profitable as formerly, Mr. Gilbert made one point which is not in harmony with the views of those who accuse farmers of not thinking at all for themselves, but of following blindly the ruts of old usage. Mr. Gilbert said:—

One great trouble with us is we have used the mind in searching for a chance to play the winning card in some enterprise outside the farm—while our hands have been left to do the plodding alone. A large portion required of the *hands* to earn the living by working the soil while the *mind* was engaged in other enterprises.

FARMERS' CLUBS.

The Elmira, N. Y., Farmers' Club has an active membership of about one hundred; has the permanent use of a suitable hall; and has collected a library of one thousand volumes, with several periodicals. Weekly meetings are held from the middle of September until May, and at longer intervals during summer season. Of the organization of this club a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following history, which we copy for the purpose of reminding farmers in neighborhoods which have no such society that the formation of a club is a very simple matter.

Three years ago a dozen of our farmers having had notice of a proposed meeting for the organization of a farmers' club, and a week given them in which to study the propriety of such a step, at the appointed hour of the day fixed, seven of the farmers having the largest faith, gathered in a secluded room lighted by a melancholy tallow dip, and elected one of their number president, and another, secretary, when the meeting was considered duly organized for business. A very free discussion of the possibilities of establishing a permanent institution resulted in the resolution to go as far as the prospects seemed pleasing. The name Elmira Farmers' Club was chosen, and each of the seven called on to contribute one dollar as the membership fee, which made the election of a treasurer necessary.

All this business having been done, and the treasury showing an actual cash capital of seven dollars, somebody asked how to construct a farm fence in the most substantial manner and yet cheaply. The members were equal to the occasion. Fences were duly discussed, suggestions made, and ideas elicited. It so happened that the secretary, willing to exceed his task, took notes of the discussion and gave the written report to the *Daily Advertiser*, which, in its next issue, gave to the public all that was of interest—perhaps more. The Club looked at it and recognized itself.

The next meeting, a week later, was attended by a larger number, all the new ones being ready to join and pay into the treasury the stipulated dollar. The first meeting had selected the subject, "Noxious Weeds," and assigned a speaker to open the discussion at this meeting. There were no learned essays, no evidences of botanical research, very little theorizing; but there was from each interested member a statement of hard facts and well tested experience. That discussion was likewise made a newspaper report.

GROWTH OF OHIO.

The newer portions of the great West have so long claimed attention, that the steady advance in population and wealth of what are termed the older States is liable to be overlooked or forgotten. Thirty-six years ago the junior editor of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER spent a year in Cleveland and its vicinity. There were then no railroads through New York, and the journey from Troy to Buffalo by canal was made in eight days. The winter of 1835-6 had been unusually severe, and the following spring was very backward. The eight days of our trip on the canal—May 2-10—were rainy and cold, with an occasional snow squall. But we arrived at Cleveland on a clear and warm day. The banks of the Cuyahoga river were beautifully green, vegetation generally was far ahead of that at any place on the route, and our first impressions were those of being set down in a fairy land. Cleveland was then but a village. According to the census reports, the population in 1830 was 1100, and in 1840, it was 6071; so that in the spring of 1836 it was probably between four and five thousand. But small as was the population at this time, the enterprise of the new city may be inferred from the fact that two daily papers were started during the year or more we remained in Cleveland. This was one of the places we intended to visit when we started on our trip to Michigan the past spring, but circumstances prevented. The contrasts between what a visitor saw in 1836 and the present aspects of the city and of the State are so well presented in a private letter from a personal friend in Ohio, that we make an extract:—

MASSILLON, OHIO, Oct. 7th, 1872.

* * * * Your trip westward must have been a source of great pleasure and surprise, in witnessing the vast changes which have transpired in the last three or four decades. We live in a most favored age. What mighty revolutions have swept over this continent within the brief period of our existence! What waves of wealth, industry, population and progress are continually rolling westward to the Pacific, growing larger by accretion, as they advance, until they are met at the Pacific by a reflux current, which is already beginning to roll back upon us.

When I look back twenty-two years, to the period of my emigration to the West, I am astonished at the changes which have been wrought around me. At that time, there was but a single railroad in this State, running from Sandusky city to Cincinnati. Now it is belted with railroads in every direction. Ohio stands in the pathway of nations, and over its bosom is borne the commerce of Europe and Asia. Cleveland, which you doubtless remember only as a small town, is now an enterprising and flourishing city of 100,000 inhabitants. Little villages, of twenty years ago, have grown into stirring cities, of from 5000 to 15,000 inhabitants; and towns of from 500 to 5000 population, have sprung up, which ten or fifteen years ago had no existence. This, of course, does not equal the growth of some sections further West. But if our development is not as rapid, it is at least as substantial. When I look back at the changes which have transpired around me, during the last twenty years, I am amazed; I am constantly reminded of that remarkable prophecy of the poet Campbell, which you doubtless have often read, in his "Pleasures of Hope:"—

"ON ERIE'S BANKS, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on lilly pastures stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day,
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound."

This poem was written about the year 1798, and, although was more

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

PROSPECT OF THE POTATO CROP.

The present season has been bad for the potato crop. So much wet weather through the summer caused people to fear that they would not realize much from this crop. The cheapness of potatoes last year influenced some not to plant so many as formerly, so that I think in this section there were not so many planted as last year. Besides the large quantity planted last year, the yield as a general thing was very large.

I have endeavored to obtain as correct an account of the yield of potatoes this fall in the towns in this vicinity as possible. Occasionally I have learned of a respectable crop being realized. I had on the average about 200 bushels per acre of assorted potatoes, with but very few rotten ones. The grub worms ate a good many of them, however. But a short distance from here, the yield was very poor, and of those produced, few were good. Some fields have hardly paid for digging. Those on wet ground suffered the most from rot.

From repeated inquiries in regard to the result in other towns, I learn of more failures than in my own town. In one case two men could dig but thirty bushels in a day. The owner of these was expecting to realize enough from his potatoes to pay his hired man for the season, but finds he has not over one hundred bushels in all. In another instance three men who dug potatoes in a field, did not get hardly enough to pay them for their time. Similar cases I have heard instanced all through this and adjoining counties. Most of the farmers have carried their potatoes into their cellars, as there has not been much sale for them yet. Most every fall, potato dealers are buying to send to market, but there has not yet been but little carrying potatoes in these parts. Only forty cents have thus far, I think, been paid for Early Rose,—other kinds bringing less. In some localities where there has been scarcely enough to supply the home market, the price has been much higher. Many people are anticipating a great price for their potatoes before next spring, while others are not so certain. If reports are true, I should judge that the crop was poor all over the country. If this be so, I do not know why they will not bring a reasonable price. But I imagine there will be a greater abundance in some localities than is anticipated. Potato speculators, I do not think, are calculating on doing a great business this winter. The failure of this important crop will be a great loss to the farmers of Vermont. C. H. FARNSWORTH.

Montpelier, Vt., Oct. 23, 1872.

A PROLIFIC TURKEY.

In the FARMER of Oct. 5, Mr. James F. Braman, of Boxboro, states that he has a turkey that laid thirty-six eggs in forty days.

I have a turkey that laid in April twenty eggs and hatched out twenty chicks, (and, sad to say, only two are now alive.) She commenced laying again July 11, and continued to do so up to Oct. 17, having laid *ninety-four* eggs in *one hundred and nine days.* "Any turkey that has done better ought to have credit."

ELIAS JACOBS.

West Scituate, Mass., Oct. 21, 1872.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

—The whole of Southwest Kansas is being fenced with hedge rows.

—One hundred head of cattle have died of the Texas fever at Moulton, Io.

—The waste of hay on account of excessive rains, in New Hampshire, is estimated by the *Mirror and Farmer* to have been nearly equal to the excess of the crop over an average of years.

—At Deep Creek, Ind., are 140 acres of broom corn which stands twenty feet high.

—Mary Butler, of Jerseyville, Ill., offers to plough a match with any man in the country for $100.

—The total amount of the cotton raised in the country this year is variously estimated at 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 bales.

—The total yield of the new hop crop in the United States is now estimated at 14,000,000 pounds, or about 70,000 bales. The yield in Wisconsin is twice what it was last season. The total supply in this country, however, is less than it was last year.

—There was a man in Litchfield, Conn., lately, with a load of apples to sell. Finding no sale, he offered to give them away. He could find only one man who would take any, and he would take only a half bushel.

—The Boston hay dealers are purchasing large quantities of hay in Maine, paying from $13 to $15 per ton delivered at railroad stations. They press it into bundles of proper dimensions for the cars, and so compact that from nine to eleven tons can be loaded upon a car. They are introducing the practice of chopping the hay before pressing it, as most of the Boston stable keepers now feed chopped hay, and they are setting up hay cutting machines in several places.

RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.—Don't say, "newspaper poetry!" and pass the lines in another column without admiring the ingenious manner in which it is shown how

—"rain after drought can wake up a brain
To miraculous starts, as well as the grain."

Agricultural Fairs.

Addison County, Vt.

The annual fair of the agricultural society of this county was held at Middlebury, Oct. 8–10. On the first day attendance very small, as the weather was cloudy and unpropitious. Wednesday, the 9th, was a fine day and the attendance good. Over 675 entries were made at the Secretary's office. Sherman's Cornet Band, furnished music for the occasion.

Fine Wool Sheep.—Among the exhibitors were Messrs. Cherbino & Williamson, of Weybridge and Cornwall; Victor Wright, of Weybridge; G. S. Stowell, Cornwall; A. Chapman, Middlebury, and H. C. Burwell, Bridport. Especial notice is due Messrs. Cherbino & Williamson whose bucks, yearling ewes, and ewe lambs, were worthy of the kingly days of that class of sheep. They are breeding and dealing largely in fine wools, and have sold lately one hundred prize sheep, and shipped them for the California wool growers, at good prices. Mr. N. C. Burwell of Bridport, also had one buck and buck lamb of superior merit.

Cotswold and Grade Course Wool Sheep.—C. L. Branch, D. W. Buttolph and F. A. Foote, Middlebury, exhibited a few first class sheep.

Short-horn Cattle.—L. J. Wright, Weybridge, showed a fine herd of seventeen head of cows and calves.

Devons.—C. P. Morrison, of Addison, exhibited a premium herd of cows, calves and yearlings.

Working Oxen.—But four pairs on the grounds. H. F. Brevoort, Addison, one pair twin Devon cattle, four years old, weight 3800 pounds; Austin Smith, Addison, one pair six year-old Durhams, weight 4400 pounds. These cattle were a show in themselves, and were purchased by M. T. Shackett, Esq., and will, undoubtedly, come under the notice of your Market Reporter, in due time. Also one pair Native cattle, by E. S. Wright, Weybridge, seven years old, weight 3560; one pair six-year oxen, weight 3000, by H. S. Langdon, New Haven.

Jersey Cattle.—F. G. Wellington, Middlebury, and J. Haimon, Cornwall, one cow each. J. McMann, J. G. Wellington and C. D. Hay, of Middlebury and J. Bartlett, Ripton, each one Jersey bull, prevented taking names of exhibitors.

Floral Hall was well filled. Want of time and space forbids to notice, except the fine specimens of cloths, exhibited by the Middlebury Woolen Co.

Mechanics' Hall.—Farm wagons and fine buggy wagons, Hope & Langworthy, Middlebury; bee feeder, wax extractor and honey extractor, by A. C. Hooker, Middlebury. These are recent inventions by Mr. Hooker, and from their merits will commend themselves to the bee keeping interest throughout the country. Wood's new iron mower, by C. W. Strong, Addison. Jewett's patent milk pans, by Daggett & Graves, Vergennes, attracted great attention from dairymen present. They are highly recommended by those using them, and will no doubt prove a great acquisition wherever introduced. Patent snow gate, by L. S. Carliss, Bristol. Self-acting farm-gate, by F. M. Moulton, Ferrisburgh. This gate appears to be the long wished for desideratum of those who desire a cheap and durable automatic gate.

Horticultural Hall.—A tempting display of fruits and edibles here. A fine collection of apples by A. Chapman, Esq., Secretary of the Association. Mr. Chapman, in addition to his duties as salesman of the Middlebury Woolen Co., and agricultural editor of the *Middlebury Register*, finds time to commend the culture of fruits to his brother farmers, by selling trees and vines from reliable nurseries. If his collection to-day, are the "first fruits," his labors in this sphere are a benefaction, of which he may well be proud. Peaches, three very fine specimens from the garden of J. E. Negus, Esq. Grapes, by Daniel Sanford, Cornwall. Apples, pears and quince, by C. P. Morrison, Addison. American sugar beet, by Rollin and Chas. Lane, Cornwall. Sweet potatoes, by A. Chapman, Middlebury, and C. W. Strong, Addison. Fine samples of box honey, by A. C. Hooker, Middlebury. Outside Mechanics hall, ploughs and cultivators, by G. H. Bartlett & Bros., Bristol. Sprague mower, by S. B. M. Cowles, New Haven. Heavy farm wagons, by E. J. Olmstead, East Middlebury.

It was expected that the Vermont Horse Stock Co., would exhibit some of their most silky specimens for the inspection of Addison County farmers, but much to the regret of the managers and many parties interested, they failed to put in an appearance.

The third day opened finely; quite a crowd was in attendance, and everything went merry till afternoon, when "the clerk of the weather" cut short the programme by a smart fall of rain. The afternoon races and the announcement of premiums were adjourned *sine die.*

The fair was not in all respects what I expected, knowing as I did, from personal inspection, the resources Addison County possesses to contribute another equal area of Vermont, and I might say of New England, in every department of stock and farm produce. Much of the lack must be attributed to the Fair having been twice postponed, on account of bad weather, and to the general hurry and press of work with farmers. Thousands of acres of grass yet remain uncut in this county. The fact that farmers, generally, are becoming disgusted with the horse trotting, jockeying and small gambling, which have, of late, taken such rank growth in shows of this kind, may have had not a little to do with the lack of interest manifested by farmers. I sincerely trust another year may bring to this Society and its indefatigable managers, better weather, a fine show and larger attendance of the real tillers of the soil. It is not too much to hope, that this Society, bearing on its list of active membership in past years, names that have won honor to the cause of agriculture, both in this State, and in wider fields of thought and competition, will, under its present able management, rectify past mistakes, and continue for all time to come a power for good and good only, to the farmers of Addison County.

With acknowledgment of courtesies, heartily rendered by President Hammond and Secretary Chapman, and thanks therefor, I close this brief sketch. PLYMOUTH.

Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 10, 1872.

Correspondence.

For the New England Farmer.

SYNCOPE AND COLLAPSE.

1. *Syncope or Fainting.*—In this very common affection, there is a temporary suspension of the heart's action, accompanied by a cessation of the functions of the organs of respiration, with a loss of internal and external sensation, and of voluntary motion. The countenance is pale, the extremities and the surface generally are cold, and all the muscles are relaxed.

Syncope is generally caused by severe shocks, violent emotions, loss of blood, poisonous gases, tight lacing, diseases of the heart or the large blood vessels, or by whatever may obstruct the free and natural flow of the blood through the system. When a person faints he should be placed upon a hard bed, with his head and shoulders on a level with the body; the air should be freely admitted into the room; a little cold water may be thrown upon the face, and a few drops of spirits of camphor or of ammonia, properly diluted, may be administered, if the patient be able to swallow, and a bit of cloth saturated with the same may be applied to the nostrils.

2. *Collapse.*—By this term is meant that general prostration or depression of the vital powers which immediately follows a severe injury, and which is sometimes the sequel to a malignant disease. The symptoms of collapse are coldness of the surface and of the extremities, with more or less shivering; a rapid, feeble and irregular pulse; hurried respiration, with frequent sighs; dilated pupils; oppression of the mental faculties, perhaps more or less delirium; occasionally nausea, vomiting and hiccough.

The process of recovery from collapse is called reaction. If this be moderate, recovery will probably be speedy and complete; but if it be excessive, the prognosis is less favorable. More or less fever, symptomatic of the inflammation to which the local injury has given origin, will be developed in such cases, and the result will be doubtful. If reaction be imperfectly developed, there will be great prostration of strength, with considerable fever, a rapid pulse, a flushed face, oppressed respiration, and a delirium very similar to the *delirium tremens.* If reaction be altogether wanting, the collapse will terminate in death. The most common causes of collapse are great and sudden extremes of joy, or grief, or fear, or cold, large doses of some active poison, the sudden impression of some powerful anæsthesia, great loss of blood, cholera and other prostrating diseases, and severe mechanical injuries.

The injuries which are most likely to be followed by fatal collapse, are, 1st. those of the brain, stomach, and intestines; 2d. those of the joints; 3d. punctured, lacerated, contused, and especially gunshot wounds; 4th. extensive burns, scalds, &c.; 5th. all severe injuries occurring to young infants, or to the very aged, or to constitutions enfeebled by intemperance and other excesses, or by long-standing diseases or great mental depression.

In the treatment of collapse, the indication is to excite the vital organs to a moderate and healthy action, and this is to be fulfilled by the use of active stimulants. Hot brandy and water, ether, camphor and ammonia are the best. Heated bricks, or bottles of hot water placed under the armpits and between the thighs, and the application of a mustard poultice, or of cloths wet in very hot water to the upper half of the abdomen, will be highly proper. But while doing these things to the best of your ability, do not neglect to send for your family physician, especially if the case be a severe one.

J. H. STEDMAN, M. D.

West Brattleboro', Vt., Oct., 1872.

For the New England Farmer.

RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

'Worst drought I have known since—I hardly know when,'
Growled a toil-worn old farmer, turning again
For the twentieth time to look at the sky,
With a human watch-dog's eager eye.

Not a sign of a cloud, not a quiver of breeze;
But the leaves of the silver poplar trees
Turned out their white linings, and falling slow
The smoke of the chimney, the washing below
The tall kitchen gable hung careful to dry,
Was dredging with soot, and the old farmer's eye
Took in the signs and brightened of hope;
And he caught up his cistern's bucket and rope,
And watered and watered his late sprouting seeds,
Tore out in fierce hurry the smothering weeds,
Toiling busy all day with spurred hope's might and main,
For he felt in his bones there was promise of rain.

Still as evening came on, and no shower yet,
He grumbled and moped; but the greenward not wet
With the drought-dew at bed time, cheered him more
Than the signs of the morning had done before,
And he speered in gruff way, as he turned in his bed,
'Have the spouts been set out from under the shed?
Don't want any wash'd here to-night, you know.'
But his wife was asleep—still he tumbled and tossed
And thought over his plans for the season, crossed
By the drought so ruinous, wakeful with pain
Of hope lying faint in the drought with his grain.

'Twas long ere he slept; but at last, in a doze,
He dreamed of his crops, ploughs, harrows and hoes,
All ruined, and dropping to pieces—but hark!
There's fierce rumble of thunder out in the dark;
And it wakes the old farmer, as if in his ear
One had said, "A wonderful fairy is here."
He knew in rain now lay a far richer dower
Than any fine fairy e'er had in her power,
And he leaped out of bed with his eye all ablaze,
Waking up his old wife, who cried out in amaze,
'Why, what upon earth! Are there burglars about?'
'Chirk,' he answered, 'A shower is coming; look out.'

Sure enough! It was dark as black shadow could get,
Save when the flashed lightning wove into a net
Now black view, now bright one, as fast as an eye
Could open and shut; and all over the sky,
As the flashes revealed it, were tossing and tumbling
The rain-freighted clouds, that echoed with rumbling,
As if all the gods of the ancients were out
In chariots battling, and putting to rout
Lank de'ils of the drought—such tumult as this
Was sign of a rainfall that scarcely could miss.

'There! it's coming,' quoth he; and a dash and a patter
Roared over the roof, till off with a clatter
Ran a flock of tame ducks from under the eaves,
And down came the rain in great torrents of sheaves.

The road was a river where small skiffs might row
In less than ten minutes; the short-lightning's glow,
That lifted as 'twere a black eyelid up,
Showed earth's every dimple a brimming o'er cup
That was all in commotion; for down in a sheet
Came the watery blessing, stormy and sweet;
Till the farmer went back to his bed with his brain
As rested and fresh as his well watered grain,
And his sleep was as sweet as a baby's at rest
On a mother's solacing, soft pillowing breast;
And he rose the next morning as brisk as a boy,
So real an elixir is comforting joy.

'Thank God for the rain!' like a pean all day
Rang out in the brain of the farmer so gray;
And his old wife, catching a ray of his blessing,
Brisked up to a habit of youthful caressing,
And chuckled his chin, and patted his cheek,
'Till tears moistened old eyes, and he stooped and did speak
Of a half—strangled love, that still in his breast
Could flutter a wing, when by woman caressed.

Eased half—with his toil in a fair way to thrive—
Of his sorrowful cares, a soul still alive
Looked up, and his face took on lover-like guise,
And a flash of sad humor came into his eyes;
Said he, 'Betsey, it's thirty years, come Christmas day,
Since I wooed and we wedded the old-fashioned way.
Where on earth have we dropped—on what rock of the road—
The wealth of our youth that so sunnily showed,
Your beauty, my ardor, your fairy-like form,
Our pride of apparel, your penchant so warm
For sensible friendships, our taste for good books,
Your pride in my talent and mine in your looks?
Alas! in our struggle for *means* we have given
Life's *ends* to the winds; on before us have driven
Our aims, always drought-sore, 'till, everything borne,
We've grown used to cur equalor and now must sit shorn;
Our souls all unfed, have famished, dear wife;
Would to God we had ended our never-won strife!'

But she, always sensible, answered, 'dear John,
You *do* work too hard; put old hold-back strap on,
And subscribe for some papers; it's never too late
To improve and enjoy; let us conquer our fate.'

'There's Thomas, and Harry, and William, and Jane
Will see to the garden, the stock and the grain,
And keep the pot boiling; it was only last week
Jane asked for a sewing machine—said, "ma, speak
To father, and coax him to buy one for me,
I can do all our sewing then, nice as can be."
And Thomas,—I'll tell you now, since I perceive
You see some as we do—always does grieve
Over plodding hard labor; just give him a chance,
And all sorts of tools will make the crops dance.
He's brimful of energy, so is our Will—
And all you need do is just buy and be still,
And let the boys have a fair share of the gain:
How they worked, like young soldiers, to get in the grain
Last fall, when you promised to give them half wages,
And they should, you well know, have full pay at their ages.'

'Yes, yes,' the old farmer sighed, 'I'm doing wrong,
But old habits of work and care-taking are strong;
I'm striving for them, I want them to find
Those rainfalls we've missed, that culture the mind;
But the way I am slaving, as likely as not
Is but training them all for a peasant's shorn lot,
So I'll buy that sewing tool, Betsey, to-morrow;
We've money at hand, we'll not have to borrow;
Get out our old hoard, let us see what is there;
Nine thousand and fifty! well, well, I declare
We've saved it up fine! I'll invest it at once,
'Twill earn more than I can! I feel like a dunce
To think I have slaved and hoarded so long;
Still it's better late right, than always gone wrong;
I see things to-day in the old youthful light,
And these old doles are wrong, and young senses are right;
I'm thirty years off of life's countings to-day!
Thank God! that I can feel once more the old May,
And that *rain after drought* can wake up a *brain*
To miraculous starts, as well as the grain.'

And the old farmer went, was as good as his word,
And his thrived and been gay ever since, I have heard;
And not merely gay is he, for just to-day
I saw him walk out, not in old poking way,
But as brisk as could be, and some one close by,
As we caught the young sparkle of hope in his eye,
Said, 'It's wonderful how *thrift* can double one's joys,
And make an old farmer look young as his boys.
A few years ago, that man you see there,
Was old farmer Brown, so broke down with care
No one dreamed him the man that he is; but they say
He came into a fortune some wonderful way,
And it gave him new life on the nonce; and his wife—
Folks called *her* "a jewel" when, once in her life,
she got into fine setting and showed her sweet face;
"Old?" No, not at all—full of autumn's own grace.
And his daughter—she took "like hot cakes" when 'twas known
That her father had funds, and she charms of her own.
His sons are at school, yet in nonchalant way
They are running the farm, and they do make it pay;
They are wide-awake boys and certain to thrive,
And folks say they're the very best farmers alive;
And it all comes, as old Brown is oft heard to declare,
Of "rain after drought" and a change in the air.'

M. C. W.

For the New England Farmer.

THE GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.

How rapidly the months and years come and go! It seems but as yesterday that the year 1872 was inaugurated, and here we are with only one month remaining, after this, in which to date 1872. Not only the seasons, but all around us are ever changing. Change! What is comprehended in that one little word! An accurate knowledge of these every day changes forms agricultural and horticultural science, simple and pure. The successful cultivator must study the changes as they occur, and then apply the knowledge thus obtained to his daily duties. We often hear what is termed "Book Farming" pooh'd at, yet do the facts learned by the laboring man, in field and garden, lose their value when printed? The most illiterate gardener works from some method, and thus all unbeknown to himself, confirms science in its most vital points.

The aim of these papers is to furnish advice by which the cultivator may lessen the cost, and increase the profits of the garden. Cheap vegetables! cheap meat! the cry of thousands in our populous centres; but there is no doubt that the producer supplies all these articles at as cheap a rate as he can afford, counting all his increased expenses, and in many instances at much less; still to the consumer they come at a much enhanced price, and the producer must bear the blame. When dealers are satisfied with less profit, and the producer can lessen the cost of production, then the hungry poor can be accommodated with cheap vegetables, cheap bread, cheap clothes, &c. But would that lessen the amount of suffering? Our experience and observation lead us to the conclusion that the greatest prosperity and the least suffering accompanies a state of things when every thing is of highest cost. Moralizing aside—now for the work in the garden.

As long as the ground remains open, there is plenty that can be done in preparing for future operations in the garden. If there are any crops to be left in the ground through the winter, suitable preparations should be made to guard against injury from standing water, ill effects of excessive cold, or of drought and winds. Ploughing, trenching and draining may be done as long as the ground will admit. Weeds which have been allowed to grow, sh uld be cleared off,—burn all that have seeded; clean up, clean up! should be the order of the day, for neatness and order are virtues that the good gardener cannot afford to neglect.

ASPARAGUS.—Mow and clean off the bed and cover with a good coat

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER ---- AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER. ---- SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers in arrears are requested to forward the amount due, which may readily be ascertained from the date on the label by which their paper is addressed. For the present, in those cases where payment is made for past arrearages and a year in advance, we will receipt for the whole time at the advance rate, $2 50 a year. A prompt response to this notice is requested. Don't wait for an Agent to call, but send by mail, being careful to address us as below, and give your full name and Post Office address.

R. P. EATON & CO.,
34 Merchants Row,
BOSTON, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, . . . 15 cents per line
Each subsequent insertion, . . . 12 " " "
Business Notices, each insertion, . . 20 " " "
Double Column, " " . . . 40 " " "
Reading Matter Notices, ... 50 " " "

Outs, double price for space occupied.

Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week as Tuesday, to secure insertion.

Advertisers are charged for the space occupied in filling nonpareil measure.

Transient advertising must be prepaid.

Extra display, including double column advertisements, and appropriate cuts, allowed at reasonable rates.

No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar, and no gift enterprises, lottery swindle, or any other humbug taken at any price.

Special terms for Nurserymen and Farm Advertising.

☞ The above are *net* prices for all advertising less than $100 in amount.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Foreign advices report the official decision of the Emperor of Germany on the San Juan question, in favor of the United States. It fixes the De Haro channel as the boundary line, thus giving the United States the whole of the island of San Juan, as claimed by our interpretation of the treaty of 1846. The English press are much dissatisfied over the decision, and the *Post* claims that the award is dangerous to the interests of Great Britain. A fire at Bolton destroyed the largest cotton mills in that city, throwing a large number of operatives out of work. The German troops have evacuated Rheims, which is again occupied by a French garrison. A Paris paper gives a rumor that Minister Washburn is to succeed Mr. Fish as Secretary of State. The English and American embassies in Berlin have interchanged cordial congratulations upon the settlement of the last matter of dispute between the countries they represent. Spaniards are desirous that their government shall open negotiations for the recovery of Gibraltar from Great Britain. A movement is under consideration in the Cortes for the abolition of capital punishment for political offences. The inundation of the banks of the River Po continues, and the consequences are terrible. Hundreds of persons are said to have been drowned, houses swept away, and the crops badly damaged. The Italian Parliament is convoked for the 20th inst. A conspiracy against Russia in the Caucasus has been discovered and overthrown.

Later foreign dispatches state that the new licensing law in Liverpool was enforced Sunday for the first time, and created much excitement. The police finally cleared the streets of all manifesting against the law, and made many arrests. President Grant has sent a dispatch to President Thiers congratulating him on the progress of republicanism in France. A French cure has written a letter to the Bishop of Versailles declaring against the immorality and impolicy of the present duty on goods imported to this country in French ships has created a veritable blockade at Havre, ship owners refusing to let their vessels sail. The question of local self-government in the rural districts of the Prussian Empire has caused a lively quarrel between the Upper and Lower Houses of the Diet. The Emperor is reported to be determined to force through the measure adopted by the Lower House. Minister Bancroft has written a letter to Emperor William of Germany, thanking him for the pains he has taken in the San Juan case. The federalist members of the Spanish Cortes are to hold a general meeting in Madrid, November 17. The movement for the abolition of the death penalty for political offences is likely to be overruled by the majority of the Cortes. The King of Italy reviewed the Italian fleet at Naples, Monday. Thousands of people are homeless in the regions of Italy recently devastated by the overflowing of the river Po. A Naples dispatch announces that a terrible hurricane has swept through the provinces of Syracuse, and that 32 persons were killed in one place by falling ruins.

California dates report that Gen. Howard has arrived from Arizona, where he succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Apache chief Cochise, passing eleven days in his camp. He has selected the southeast corner of Arizona, 55 miles square, for a new reservation for one thousand Apaches, with Cochise as their leader. Gen. H. favors the removal of many of the Indian agents, believing there is something wrong which requires a reform. There is a prospect of war between Corea and Japan, and the Japanese in the former country are to be brought home. A new telegraph line has been opened, and the railroad from Yeddo to Yokohama was to be formerly inaugurated on the 12th ult.

Advices from Mexico report that Congress has created a Senate. The political situation is improving. Lerdo Tejado is elected President December 1. Gen. Cortina has been relieved from service on the Rio Grande frontier. The government appears friendly toward a railroad connecting the capital with the United States.

It is announced that a supplemental treaty has been negotiated with Mexico, which will tend to a settlement of differences with that country.

The crop reports of the Agricultural Department shows an increase in the wheat crop, and an improvement in quality as compared with last year. Other grain crops are of fair amount, and some more than an average.

It is announced that the Indian policy of the Government is not to be changed. The pacific policy will be thoroughly tested.

The horse disease in this vicinity, the first approach of which we noted last week, spread until nearly every horse in the city and vicinity was more or less affected. We give elsewhere some interesting particulars. At the present writing, Wednesday, the teams are becoming comparatively numerous in our streets, and we may hope that we have, contrary to the prophecies of some, seen the worst of the severest epidemic we have ever known among horses.

The latter part of last week was wet and uncomfortable. Since Sunday, however, we have had clear, cool weather, which is proving quite favorable for those owning horses. We had quite severe frosts on Monday and Tuesday nights.

WARREN (N. H.) FARMERS' ASSOCIATION. An association, composed of the leading citizens of Warren, N. H., to be known as the Kearsarge Agricultural and Mechanical Association, and intended to embrace the northern tier of towns in Merrimack county, was formed in that town on Friday evening, Oct. 25. Hon. Levi Bartlett was chosen President; S. C. Pattee, Esq., Secretary, and Col. V. S. Ordway, Treasurer. Measures were adopted to bring the subject to the attention of the leading citizens of the adjoining towns. A desirable tract of land near the C. and C. R. R. and the village was generously donated the society by Col. Ordway for a trotting park, which will at once be put in order. A cattle fair or show of neat stock will be held in November under the auspices of the Association.

THE COMING ELECTION.

On Tuesday next, 5th inst., will be holden the election which is to decide who shall be the next President of the United States. The canvass has been more than usually heated and earnest,—its results will soon be assured. As an independent paper, taking no part in politics, and only alluding to them so far as to keep our readers informed as to current political events of importance, we of course have no advice as to which way our readers shall vote, and no appeals to make for their support of either of the contending parties. We do believe, however, that every man who is of sufficient age, and who is not disqualified by reason of alienage or other cause, should not merely cast his vote for the candidate whom he prefers, when perfectly convenient, but that he should even give the day and suffer some inconvenience, if necessary, rather than lose the inestimable privilege of exercising a freeman's right of choosing who shall make and administer the laws under which we live and upon which our safety and prosperity depend.

Republican or Democrat, Liberal or Conservative, the opinions which we advocate and believe in may be vital to the continuance of the political parties based upon them, but they are subordinate to the general good of the community, and where discussion is so free and education so general as in this country it is hardly possible for the majority to be greatly in the wrong. Besides, when the people have the choice of their own rulers, at brief intervals, as with us, a party which has proved unequal to the occasion can be overthrown, and the policy of the administration changed to suit the views of the people. Herein consists the wonderful adaptability of the Republican form of government for ensuring the peaceful prosperity of the people. The issues of war and peace, by the founders of our Republic, were rightly reserved to the people themselves, acting through their representatives in Congress, and their President, while, in many respects, more powerful than the greatest autocrat of the old world, finds himself bound by the terms of his inaugural oath to execute the laws, simply, not to make them —to use the military and naval forces to defend the country, not to levy war upon other nations.

Under this policy our country has become rich and powerful, a leader among the nations. So long as the people maintain their individual interest in politics—by which we mean the management of the affairs of the nation, and the shaping of its policy—and so long as they will interpose to prevent the success of any plots, whereby a small number of men can so engineer parties and secure offices as to place the control of the nation in the hands of what are forcibly termed "political rings,"—so long shall we continue prosperous, and so long will the United States retain its supremacy. The only way to manifest that interest, and exercise the power which belongs to the citizen, is that each individual voter, first thoroughly satisfying himself as to what may be the best policy, and which party the most likely to carry out his views, shall permit nothing to prevent him from giving the final and only effective endorsement of his opinions by depositing his ballot for the candidates of his choice.

DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

We understand from Washington dispatches that General Spinner, United States Treasurer, has completed his annual report. The net receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1872, amounted to $709,888,629, and the net expenditures to $713,259,977. The total receipts, including the balance at the beginning of the last fiscal year, amounted to $819,825,949, thus leaving a balance at the beginning of the present fiscal year of $106,551,649. Mr. Spinner devotes considerable space in the port to the subject of Civil Service Reform. He thinks the foundation of a real reform will be found in an increase of salaries, so that officials can have pay enough to support them and they will not be filled with men who seek them for the sake of the stealings. He also devotes much space to the defalcations that have occurred the past year, and says the remedy here is the employment of a larger force, so that every point may be carefully and regularly overlooked. This would enable the officials to scan every item and account more closely, but the present force, although very efficient, is inadequate to guard every point as they should be guarded.

General Walker is now engaged in preparing the report of the Indian office. It will set forth that the policy of the government has constantly been to induce the Indians to go upon reservations and remain there, and to put forth all proper and practical efforts among the Indians thus collected to civilize and educate and organize them. As the reservation system to many of the tribes was altogether new, the government in its great desire to maintain peace has been disposed to deal as leniently as possible with them. In the opinion of the authorities the time has now arrived to exact entire compliance with the agreement made with and demands of the government in regard to remaining closely on the reservations. This determination forms the ground of the statement, that the Indian policy is about to be changed. The Indian office claims that only an advanced position in the direct execution of the old policy has been reached.

The report of General Drummond of the land office shows nearly all the back work of that office brought up to the last of September. Total number of acres sold for cash, 1,370,320; located with bounty warrants, 389,000; homestead entries, 4,671,333; agricultural college scrip, 693,613; certified to railroads, 3,554,887. These, with other minor items, make the total disposed of 11,864,995, and the cash receipts for same $8,218,100; and 251,633,620 acres of the public domain yet remain unsurveyed. The progress of the few remaining land-grant railroads toward completion has been rapid. Over 1700 miles have been completed within a year. Tree culture receives considerable attention, and the commissioner recommends an amendment to the homestead law, making it obligatory to settlers under it to cultivate a certain number of acres in trees for three years.

A CONVENIENT RESORT.—Our friend Fenno, who "keeps a poet" to advertise his wares, "corner of Beach and Washington Streets," gives his store one feature, among others, of importance to all customers. It is that parents can take children from four to nineteen years old, and furnish them completely, from sole to crown, with well made clothing, including under garments, without the trouble of visiting several places to complete the suit. Strangers in the city, or persons having little time to spare will find this an advantage which will be duly appreciated. Many of his garments for children are made expressly for him by a leading New York firm.

A SEWING MACHINE WORKED BY THE BLIND.—The following letter from Dr. Howe, of the Blind Asylum, received by Mr. J. H. Fowler, manager of the Weed Sewing Machine Company, 349 Washington Street, gives information which will be of interest to many of our readers, and is strong testimony as to the simplicity of the Weed machine:—

PERKINS INSTITUTION AND MASSACHUSETTS ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND,
Boston, Sept. 30, 1872.

To the Agent of Weed's Sewing Machine.

Dear Sir,—Your machine has had a fair trial by our pupils, and I am happy to say that they succeed perfectly in using it.

I send you some samples of work done upon it by one of our young ladies, totally blind, without any assistance from seeing persons, threading the needle and doing all the work herself. The work speaks for itself and for the machine.

Faithfully, SAM'L G. HOWE.

NEW STORE.—A grand opening exhibition of the establishment of Messrs. Cushman & Brooks, 35, 37, and 39 Temple Place, in this city, commences on the first day of this month, and continues each day and evening one week. The large increase in their business has compelled the addition of an adjoining building, to enable them to furnish their patrons greater facilities, which are now unexcelled. Their stock is of the newest importations, and very elegant, including many novelties, and a most complete assortment, at lowest prices. This being a matter of importance to purchasers, we advise attention to their advertisement and a visit to the new store.

THE HORSE DISTEMPER.—Among the various remedies recommended for the prevailing epidemic, nothing equals the *Neuropathic Drops* prepared by B. O. & G. C. WILSON, Botanic Druggists, 20 Central St., Boston. Many of the largest owners of horses, Express and Horse Railroad Co.'s are using it with complete success. It is prompt in its action and perfectly safe in all cases.

THE HORSE DISTEMPER.

We stated in our last the fact that the disease among horses had broken out in this city, and we have given some interesting information respecting it upon the first page of this issue. Since its first outbreak its spread has been rapid, and hardly a horse has escaped it to some extent. On Saturday the streets of the city were almost literally bare of anything in the shape of horse flesh, and on Sunday entirely so.

Not a horse car, hack, omnibus or other public conveyance was running, and every stable had closed its doors to its customers. Trade was completely at a standstill, and freight accumulating in the depots until the railroad companies were compelled to take off some of their trains. The *Advertiser* thus notes some of the incidents of the situation:

The streets of Boston presented a peculiar sight both on Saturday and throughout the whole of Sunday. During heavy snow-storms a somewhat similar scene has been witnessed, but it is safe to say that such an entire clearance of the public thoroughfares, so far as man's most useful servant is concerned, has never been chronicled in the history of this country. Every steed visible—and the number was exceedingly limited, not more than one in fifty—had lost the air of pride and strength which is his in the careless season of health, and struggled along with drooping head, apparently weighed down under some invisible oppression, a something which pervades the air and permeates the blood and tissues. On Saturday horse cars ran with great infrequency; Sunday they did not run at all. There were a few hacks to be seen on the first-named day; Sunday a careful observer records, as the result of his watchfulness, two slowly travelling teams, while another

New England Farmer.

Vol. LI. Old Series. } 1872.
Vol. XXVII. New Series. }

TERMS.

WEEKLY EDITION.

For One Year, if not paid in advance, . . $3 00
For One Year, in advance, ... 2 50
For Six Months, ... 1 25
For Four Months, ... 1 00

Single Copies, Six Cents.

Subscribers in the Provinces and Canada must remit 20 cents in addition to above rates, to prepay United States postage.

☞ Subscriptions for all the leading magazines and juveniles taken at reduced rates, when ordered in connection with the FARMER.

Liberal commissions paid for new subscribers, and extra cash premiums for largest lists.

Specimen numbers and circulars sent free to all applicants enclosing a stamp.

Persons writing on business *must* give their full name and Post Office address, not forgetting to add the State.

Subscribers making a change in the direction of their papers, *must* give the correct name of the post office FROM which and of the one TO which the change is to be made.

Money carefully enclosed and properly directed may be sent by mail at our risk. Large amounts should be sent by draft, express or private messenger. The safest way in which to transmit money is by postal orders, wherever they can be procured.

☞ We have had so many complaints of losses by mail, that we *expressly request* all persons sending us money to remit in draft or postal order, or by postal letter. ☜

Address all communications to

R. P. EATON & CO.,
34 Merchants Row,
BOSTON, Mass.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2.—If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and to collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

The following gentlemen, duly authorized Agents for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, will canvass for subscribers and collections in the following Counties in New England:—

EDWARD P. FROST, ... SOMERSET Co., ME.
WM. H. FROST, ... SULLIVAN, N. H.
H. C. DRIGGS, ... RUTLAND, VT.
ANDREW C. MARCY . . . . NO. NEW YORK.
F. W. CHEEVER, ... GRAFTON, N. H.
LESTER BARNES, ... MIDDLESEX, MASS.
B. D. WILCOX, ... WINDSOR, VT.
PERLEY MASON, ... ADDISON, VT.
FREEMAN ROBBINS, ... WASHINGTON, VT.
J. MORSE, ... LAMOILLE, VT.

Subscribers are requested to forward their subscriptions without waiting for the Agent to call. The date on their label will always show how far they have paid up.

General Intelligence.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Rev. Daniel Ladd, for many years a missionary in Asia Minor in the employ of the American Board, died at Middlebury, Vt., on the 11th inst.

Commander Lull left Washington, on the 21th, for New York to complete the organizing of the Nicaragua Surveying Expedition. The expedition will sail about December 1.

Charles Morgan, banker, died on the 24th, in New York, also, Marshall S. Bidwell lawyer, the latter while opening a letter in his office. Bidwell was born in Stockbridge, Mass., had been speaker of the Lower House of the Canadian Parliament and had resided for the last thirty years in New York.

George Bancroft, the American Minister to Germany, has left Berlin for Italy. He expects to remain in that country a month, and before returning to his post of duty will visit Egypt.

The *Tribune's* Paris correspondent says of Mr. Sumner, when he was in Paris: "Next morning he undertook to walk from his lodgings to Banker Bowles's reading-room in the Rue de la Paix, the distance of a scant quarter mile. It was an effort that fatigued him, the effect of which he felt throughout all that day. This much is gained: Mr. Sumner walks now for half a mile with no sense of fatigue. If it were not for my accidentally intimate acquaintance with his case, and its severely curative treatment here by Brown-Sequard long years ago, I would be as cheerfully hopeful for Mr. Sumner as he is of himself. He seems to me to overrate as permanent security for the future the very patent gain of health and strength which he lets nature, in this holiday rest, economize for him." Senator Sumner has now returned to London.

Hon. William F. Johnston, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, died in Pittsburg Friday afternoon, 25th ult., of dropsy, after an illness of about three months. Johnston was a Democrat nominee for Congress from the 22d District in the recent contest, but on account of failing health, withdrew before the election.

Sir Roundell Palmer has declined any pecuniary remuneration for his services to the British Government at Geneva. The Lord Chancellorship and the title of Baron Selborne have satisfied him.

Carlotta, when she dies, will be under the necessity of leaving behind her the trifling fortune of $5,000,000, which will be inherited by the King of Belgium and the Count of Flanders, who already have more than is good for them.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has pardoned his cousin, the Archduke Henry, whom he several years ago banished from Austria for having married an actress. He has also restored to him all the military dignities and charges of which he had deprived him.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson sailed from New York for England on the 23d. He expects to be absent all winter, say six months or more, and will be joined in his travels by his son Edward, who went abroad some months ago for the benefit of his health. Mrs. Emerson remains with the Ripley family at the "Old Manse" in Concord, which was occupied by the Emersons and the Ripleys from the days of the Revolution up to about the time it was taken by Hawthorne.

VERMONT NOMINATIONS.—The Republicans of Vermont have nominated in the First District Charles W. Willard for Congress, and A. Allen of Fair Haven elector. In the Third District, the Republicans nominated ex-Gov. Hendee of Morrisville for Congress, and R. H. Start for elector. The Straight-out Democracy of Vermont have put the following electoral ticket in the field: At Large, Charles N. Davenport of Brattleboro'; John R. Gates of Bennington; First Congressional District, Amos Aldrich of Woodford; Second, Lewis S. Partridge of Norwich; Third, Giles Harrington of Alburgh Springs.

VOTERS OF NEW YORK.—The registry of New York city was completed last Saturday. It shows 148,810 voters, a decrease of 3872 since last year. The census of voters, taken under the United States election law, is finished. Every house in the city has been visited. About 1000 fraudulent registrations have so far been discovered, and others will probably be shown when the census is compared with the registry list. Not more than a half-dozen arrests have been made under the law. The registry in Brooklyn shows 75,517 voters.

COLD SPRING, N. H., TROUT PONDS.—The first trout eggs of the season were taken Oct. 19; on Tuesday, the 22d, 3000 were taken. California salmon eggs are soon expected to be placed in the hatching trough there by order of the United States Fish Commissioners.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1870.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:—For the past six months I have used your Golden Medical Discovery in my practice and in that time I have tested its merits in severe coughs, both acute and chronic, in chronic diseases of the throat, severe cases of bronchitis, general derangement of the system, constipated condition of the bowels, and wherever a thorough alterative, or blood purifier, has been indicated. In all cases I have found it to act gently yet thoroughly and effectually in removing the various diseased conditions, and bringing about a healthy action throughout the system. Yours fraternally,
H. L. HALL, M. D..

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.

The apothecary store of George H. Knights in Portland, Me., was partially burned on Wednesday evening, 23d. Mr. Knights was drawing some Japan fluid when the liquid spurted, took fire, and in a moment the store was in flames. The fire was confined to the first story, but the goods in the second story are somewhat injured by smoke. Mr. Knights was badly burned on the face and arms, but will not lose his sight. The stock and building are valued at $281,000, on which there was $171,000 insurance. Two policies for $4000 expired last week. The stock was valued at $25,000, on which there was an insurance of $19,500.

A steamtug and excelsior mill owned by George F. Dillingham and others were burned in Bangor, Me., on Tuesday night, 22d. Loss $15,000 to $20,000. Insured for $5000.

On Friday evening, 25th, the barn of Hon. Frank Jones, situated in the outskirts of Portsmouth, N. H., was wholly consumed, together with four oxen, two cows, one fine blooded bull, 100 tons of hay, 1000 bushels of corn, besides some other articles of value. The barn was the finest building of the kind in the vicinity, and was well stocked with a splendid herd of cattle, all of which were saved except those above mentioned. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed to have caught from the pipe of one of the workmen. The value of the property destroyed cannot fall short of $10,000—insurance unknown.

The paper mill of Messrs. Blauvelt & Gilmore at Lee was burned on Friday, 25th. Loss not ascertained, and insured for $20,000.

The Northampton emery wheel company's building at Leeds, Northampton, was nearly destroyed by fire Monday afternoon. Loss about $40,000; insured for $15,000.

On Sunday night a frame block at the corner of Union and Market streets, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. The lower floor was occupied as law offices, and part of the upper floor was a portion of the Forbes House. Loss heavy.

Vanderbilt & Son's lumber yard, Jersey City, was burned on the 25th. Loss $15,000; fully insured.

The flouring mills and warehouses of Grundy & Burtregen, Rockfield, Indiana, were burned on the 24th, together with grain and machinery. Loss on the building, $30,000, which is insured; no insurance on the grain.

A fire at East Saginaw, Michigan, on the 22d, entirely destroyed the Crause block, owned by Jesse Hoyt of New York, and occupied by H. G. Woodward, grocer, whose loss is $20,000, on which there is insurance of $1500; A. A. Durk, drugs, loss $20,000, insured $6000. The other losses will make the aggregate from $100,000 to $125,000.

A fire on the 22d, damaged St. John's Catholic Church at Orange, N. J., to the amount of $15,000. Insured.

An agricultural implement warehouse on 29th street, Chicago, a large stable, and 12 horses were burned on the 22d. Loss $15,000.

THE CROP PROSPECTS.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a synopsis of the crop report for October, as made up by J. R. Dodge, statistician of the Department. It is devoted to the condition of the wheat crop, and shows that the yield is quite as variable as was the record of its condition during the Summer. We quote as follows:

Some States have made superior crops, and others almost the poorest ever grown. The New England States have nearly sustained their usual average. The Middle States and Maryland together, reduced their last year's aggregate from 37,000,000 bushels to 24,000,000, or thirty-five per cent.

The Southern States from Virginia to Tennessee, which were known to have increased largely their wheat area, appear to have enlarged their production 50 per cent, or from 18,000,000 to 27,000,000 bushels. California has increased her product at least 75 per cent. Minnesota and Iowa have made a material increase, while Missouri and Kansas, the former growing winter wheat mainly, the latter both winter and spring, have had comparative failure in both varieties.

Virginia and Kentucky have had good crops, while Maryland and Ohio return diminished yields, as does the entire district between the Ohio and the Lakes, the Miami and Hudson.

Returns received from counties representing a large proportion of the wheat of each State indicate an increase of about 5 per cent. over the product of last year, which was estimated at 230,000,000 bushels. It is probable the completed estimate will not fall far short of 240,000,000 bushels upon an area of a little less than 20,000,000 of acres. This will make a yield between 12 and 13 bushels per acre, which may be considered an average for the United States.

The increase in the States west of the Mississippi, appears to be about 15,000,000 bushels, or in comparison with last year's product 85,000,000 to 70,000,000 bushels. The central line of wheat production running north and south, is this year farther west than ever before, and is nearly identical with the 90th meridian, which divides centrally the States of Wisconsin and Illinois. Nearly all the wheat produced between this line and the Mississippi River is grown in the western half of those two States.

The quality of the wheat is, in most of the States, better than last year. The percentage of the product in comparison with the last year in each of the States is as follows: Maine, 109; New Hampshire, 98; Vermont, 95; Massachusetts, 90; Connecticut, 96; New York, 70; New Jersey, 80; Pennsylvania, 60; Delaware, 75; Maryland, 66; Virginia, 101; North Carolina, 136; South Carolina, 113; Georgia, 180; Alabama, 133; Mississippi 101; Texas, 320; Arkansas, 102; Tennessee, 200; West Virginia, 104; Kentucky, 175; Ohio, 85; Michigan, 88; Indiana, 101; Illinois, 98; Wisconsin, 121; Minnesota, 130; Iowa, 112; Missouri, 60; Kansas, 80; Nebraska, 140; California, 175; Oregon, 108.

In States where the crop was short last year, as Kentucky and Texas, the percentage of the increase is heavy. In California it is mainly due to an increase of area and a superior rate of yield.

We also have details regarding other grain crops, showing a generally favorable result. We copy the following summary:—

The corn crop promises to be one of the largest the country has ever grown. Only five States return less than an average condition, viz.: Delaware, 90; Maryland, 97; Virginia, 92; Florida, 88, and Arkansas, 91. Rhode Island is placed at 100, and every one of the others are above, viz.: Maine, 108; New Hampshire, 110; Vermont, 113; Massachusetts, 102; Connecticut, 111; New York, 106; New Jersey, 104; Pennsylvania, 107; North Carolina, 110; South Carolina, 193; Alabama, 106; Mississippi, 112; Louisiana, 124; Texas, 121; Tennessee, 101; West Virginia, 105; Kentucky, 112; Ohio, 110; Michigan, 104; Indiana, 110; Illinois, 110; Wisconsin, 105; Minnesota, 105; Iowa, 107; Kansas, 112; Nebaska, 109; California, 104; Oregon, 103. The average for all the States is 108.

The November returns will give the aggregate product upon the total area.

The product of oats is apparently increased as compared with that of last year by about three per cent., but it will not equal the aggregate of 265,000,000 bushels. The comparison with last year is as follows: Maine, 119; New Hampshire, 98; Vermont, 113; Massachusetts, 95; Rhode Island, 105; Connecticut, 111; New York, 105; New Jersey, 80; Pennsylvania, 100; Delaware, 60; Maryland, 78; Virginia, 76; North Carolina, 130; South Carolina, 92; Georgia, 120; Florida, 90; Alabama, 97; Mississippi, 99; Louisiana, 105; Texas, 116; Arkansas, 107; Tennessee, 124; West Virginia, 98; Kentucky, 109; Ohio, 93; Michigan, 96; Indiana, 111; Illinois, 112; Wisconsin, 105; Minnesota, 108; Iowa, 100; Missouri, 122; Kansas, 150; Nebraska, 136; California, 103, and Oregon, 101.

The barley product is slightly above that of last year in all the Western States, except Missouri, Ohio and Indiana, and is also increased in Tennessee and Texas. A decrease is apparent in all the Atlantic States. The indications scarcely favor as large a total aggregate as last year. The principal producing States are California, New York, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio. The quality is also below the average in most of the States.

The rye crop appears to be smaller by two per cent. than that of last year. The quality is generally good, though slightly below the average in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, South Carolina, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri.

SUPPLEMENTAL TREATY WITH MEXICO.—The President will transmit to the Senate early in December a supplemental treaty with the Government of Mexico, extending the operation of the American and Mexican Claims Commission for another year. It will also tend to a settlement of the differences between the American and Mexican Commissioners.

THE FISHERIES.

We gather from exchanges some information respecting the fishing fleets of Massachusetts. The *Cape Ann Advertiser* reports that the fishing season of 1872, now nearly closed, has proved moderately successful, and has been prosecuted at a far less sacrifice of life and property than attended the business last year, when there were twenty vessels and 140 lives lost, against 10 vessels and 62 lives thus far this year. The heaviest losses have been in the Banks fishery, 5 vessels and 48 lives having been lost; while the losses on Georges have been much less than for several years past, only one vessel and 11 lives having been sacrificed. Four vessels and two lives have been lost in the Shore fishery. The mackerel catch has been very light, probably 25,000 barrels less than last year; but the Bankers have been very successful, and the quantity of fish landed has been greatly in excess of any former year. As a whole the present season will wind up much more favorably than the last.

The *Yarmouth Register* of last week says:—

The Provincetown mackerel fleet, in the early part of this week, after a trial of two days without finding mackerel, broke into small squadrons and sought their home ports to haul up, or to engage in other pursuits. It has hovered around this vicinity, and been in harbor since August, taking but few fish. Inquiry at the packing establishment discloses the fact that the entire catch of that part of the fleet hailing from this port will not much exceed 12,000 barrels. In 1870 the catch was 37,552 barrels, and in 1871 it was 24,918 barrels. From information received, the opinion prevails that the falling off in the catch of the whole fleet will not be less than that part of it sailing from this port. A few vessels using seines have been successful, but those depending upon the hook and line, constituting much the largest part, will not, as a whole, realize a sum sufficient to pay expenses.

THE WHEAT MARKET.—The supply of wheat in the markets of the United Kingdom has for the last four weeks exceeded the consumption by several million bushels, while the number of floating wheat cargoes destined thither has been considerably increased. The movement of that cereal by steamers has been larger this year than usual, so that the imports during September have exceeded those of the same month in 1871 by one million bushels. The movement of wheat at the lake ports for the past week aggregated 2,004,903 bushels, against 2,133,913 bushels the previous week, and 1,111,928 bushels the corresponding week in 1871. The stock at the seaboard ports is small.

WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA *is the only prompt, efficient and safe* master of such symptoms as loss of appetite, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, melancholy, constipation, wind, mental and physical debility as well as many others which if neglected will soon place *"the house on fire in"* beyond the reach of any remedy. H. G. WHITE, Proprietor, 107 Washington street, Boston.

The World Abroad.

CABLE DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—A large meeting in favor of amnesty to Fenian prisoners was held last evening at Manchester, at which Isaac Butt, M. P., the leader of the Irish Home Rule party, was the principal speaker. Mr. Butt, in the course of his remarks, said that Ireland never would welcome Mr. Gladstone to her soil unless amnesty to her sons was made complete. He also spoke in terms of vigorous censure of the treatment accorded to prisoners who he alleged have suffered during their confinement gross cruelties at the hands of their jailers.

The market town of Northwich, in the county of Chester, was partially flooded yesterday by the overflow of the banks of the river Weaver, which occasioned considerable damage to property. The waters have now subsided, and the danger of a great disaster is over.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The written judgment in the San Juan arbitration has already been given by the jurists to whom the case was submitted. It only wants the signature of the Emperor. It decides in favor of the United States, and of making the Canal de Haro the boundary.

LONDON, Oct. 24—The Cabinet decree of Emperor William has been communicated simultaneously to-day to the American and English embassies. It says that the American claim is most in accordance with the true interpretation of the treaty of 1846, and that the boundary line should run through Delfaro channel.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—The award of the Emperor William in the San Juan case is severely commented on by some of the London journals to-day. The *Times* says: "The decision of the Emperor William of Germany on the San Juan boundary question is unsatisfactory, unclear and indecisive, but we accept it with loyal submissiveness." The *Times* also says: "We repudiate as utterly absurd and baseless the charge that England intrigued at Berlin, with a view of modifying the judgment of the Emperor."

The *Post* considers the award as dangerous to the interests and diplomatic reputation of England, as was the award of the Geneva tribunal. It gives—says the *Post*—San Juan to British Columbia waters to the United States. This settlement of the question hardly tends to improve the relations now existing between England and America. The *Telegraph* and *News* express similar criticisms. The *Standard* is silent upon the subject.

The Bank of England did not propose to borrow four millions sterling from France. It was Thiers who endeavored strenuously to induce the Bank to borrow that sum, but the bank declined, and answered that if Thiers wished to deposit four millions to draw against, it would accept the deposit. Thiers's object was to use the fact for political purposes and to enable him to make the boast that his government had restored completely the national prosperity of France.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—The names of the Imperial advisers on whose reports the judgment on the San Juan boundary question is based are Grimeh, Vice President of the Supreme Court, Kiepert, the eminent geographer, and Goldschmidt, a member of the Superior Tribunal of Leipzig. The referees handed in their reports four weeks ago. The reports will not be published. They charge England with vagueness in the wording of the treaty of 1846, and state that the word southerly means the shortest channel to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. A special messenger left Berlin last night for Washington.

The steamship Altrato, which left Plymouth on the 1st of October for Melbourne, has returned to the former port, having broken her shaft when several days out. She experienced very severe weather on her return, and three of the crew were washed overboard and drowned.

Cross & Co.'s cotton mills at Bolton, were destroyed by fire last night. These mills were among the most extensive in the town, and employed 41,000 spindles. A large number of operatives have been thrown out of work by the conflagration.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The interesting fact, regarding the drinking saloons in Liverpool to close at 9 o'clock Sunday nights, was enforced for the first time yesterday, and gave rise to considerable excitement among the frequenters of those places. Crowds collected in various portions of the city and were addressed by persons, several of whom were under the influence of liquor, in opposition to the act. The gathering finally became so noisy that the police were compelled to interfere and arrest most of the prominent malcontents. In some streets of the city the people opposed to the act manifested their indignation at its enforcement by fighting colored fires in the streets, and hooting at the police officers when they appeared.

Mr. Stanley will leave England for America on the 9th of November.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 28.—Cotton has been quiet and steady.—sales of the week, 98,000 bales. Breadstuffs quiet. Bonds have varied but very little during the week. The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased nearly £2 200,000 during the week. The closing prices of bonds on Tuesday were as follows:—Consols 92⅝@92¾; U. S. 5-20s, 1865, old, 91@91⅜; 1867, 92⅜; U. S. 10 40s, 87½; new 5s, 93½; Erie 43¾.

France.

PARIS, Oct. 23.—The German troops have evacuated Rheims, and the French garrison marched in to-day amid great rejoicings.

PARIS, Oct. 24.—The *Bien Public* (Ministerial organ) of to-day makes the statement that it is improbable that Hon. Elisha B. Washburne, who sailed for the United States the 15th instant, will return to his post as American Minister to France, having been offered a seat in the Washington Cabinet after the Presidential election.

The complaints recently made by Communist prisoners, of the bad treatment of their jailers, have been officially refuted.

Jacques Babinet, the celebrated physician, is dead.

PARIS, Oct. 27.—The evacuation of the Department of Marne and Upper Marne will not be completed until Nov. 4.

A detachment of French hospital assistants, on their way to the camp of Chalons, by mistake left the train at the town of Chalons, which is still occupied by the Germans. They were immediately arrested and their side arms were taken from them. One of the Frenchmen, who hustled a German sentinel, was sent to the guard house for thirty days. The others were released and forwarded to the camp of Chalons.

A Nantes journal, the organ of Count Chambord, appeals to the Orleanists to unite with the Legitimists and aid the rightful heir to the throne with heart, soul and sword.

PARIS, Oct. 28.—A dispatch has been received by President Thiers from President Grant, congratulating him on the progress of republicanism in France as shown by the recent elections for vacancies in the National Assembly. Lamoreaux (Republican) has been elected a Municipal Councilor of Paris.

The cure of Havavilliers has written a letter to the Bishop of Versailles, rejecting the decision of the Ecumenical Council with regard to the infallibility of the Pope.

HAVRE, Oct. 28.—The quays are crowded with vessels bound to the United States. Ship owners refuse to let them sail in consequence of the ten per cent. increase of duty imposed by the United States on goods imported in French bottoms.

Germany.

BERLIN, Oct. 25.—George Bancroft, American Minister to Germany, has received the congratulations of his countrymen on the decision of the Emperor in the San Juan case.

Odo Russell, the British Ambassador, called upon Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister, last night, and congratulations were interchanged upon the termination of the long standing San Juan boundary dispute. Mr. Russell said that the last cause for difficulty between England and America had been removed, and henceforth peace and friendship would prevail between the two nations. The most cordial feeling was exhibited between the two Ambassadors during the conversation.

BERLIN, Oct. 28.—Minister Bancroft has written a letter of acknowledgment to the Emperor William, in which he says he is charged by the President of the United States in the name of the American people to thank his majesty for the great pains he has taken in and the attention he has devoted to the case growing out of dispute between Great Britain and the United States in regard to the Northwestern boundary. The letter closes with the assurance of continued friendship and good will between the United States and Germany.

There is a conflict between the upper and lower Houses of the Prussian Diet on the country reform bill, which provides for local self-government in the rural districts. The bill, which was adopted by the Chamber of Deputies in the last session, came before the House of Lords at the beginning of the present session, and has since met determined opposition. The majority of the Deputies threaten to resign if the upper House refuse to pass the bill, and the Emperor has declared in favor of it.

The President of the House of Lords was received yesterday by the Emperor, who spoke to him about the dead lock in the Diet and insisted that the Lords should bring it to an end by passing the measure which the lower House had adopted.

Spain.

MADRID, Oct. 23.—At the session of the Cortes, yesterday, a Deputy said that the Carlist prisoners held by the Government were badly treated, and protested against it. General Cordoba, Minister of War, denied the assertion and stated that all the prisoners were properly taken care of.

Petitions were presented to the Cortes requesting the Government to enter into negotiations with Great Britain for the cession of Gibraltar to Spain.

Meetings have lately been held in several Spanish provinces, at which a resolution was adopted demanding the abolition of the army conscription system.

MADRID, Oct. 25.—The Senate has adopted the address in reply to the speech from the Throne by a vote of 75 against 19. The address had previously been adopted by the Cortes.

The resolution providing for the abolition of capital punishment for political offences has been rejected by a vote of 99 against 58.

Meetings in opposition to the army conscription system continue to be held in the provinces.

MADRID, Oct. 27.—The Sections of the Cortes have authorized the introduction on Monday of a resolution for the impeachment of Senor Sagasta and the members of his Ministry. The Committee of the Cortes has agreed to make a favorable report on the resolution to abolish capital punishment for political offences, which was defeated last week in the Senate. Debate on the Army bill continues to occupy the time of the Cortes.

Petitions have been received by the Government asking for the establishment of an Anglo-Spanish Bank in London.

MADRID, Oct. 28.—The Committee of the Federalist members of the Cortes has issued a call for a general meeting of the Deputies in Madrid on the 17th of November. In the call the Deputies explain their course in the Cortes, disapprove of the revolt at Ferrol, and repudiate any coalition with the Conservative Republican Union or Radical parties.

At a meeting of the Deputies constituting the majority of the Cortes, it was resolved that Senor Becerra's motion for the abolition of the death penalty in politics should be withdrawn.

Italy.

ROME, Oct. 26.—The inundation caused by the overflow of the river Po continues. A large extent of country lies under water. It is now learned that hundreds of persons have been drowned and entire families swept away by the flood. Hundreds of buildings have been undermined and carried away. The Po at present is frightfully swollen and the stormy shores are thickly strewn with the debris of human bodies, dead animals, trees, grain, &c. The greatest destitution prevails along the valleys of Piedmont and Lombardy. The government is sending relief to the sufferers. Floods are reported from other districts of the country, caused by the recent rains. It is believed that the crops in the greater part of Italy will be a partial failure this year. The Italian minister of public works, who has just gone to the scene of destruction, is superintending the work of relieving the distressed.

ROME, Oct. 27.—The Italian Parliament is convoked for November 26. An order will be issued rearranging and enlarging military districts of the Alps, and strengthening the garrisons.

TURIN, Oct. 28.—The damages caused by the inundation of the Po, especially in the provinces of Mantua and Ferrara, are enormous. Several hundred kilometers of the most fertile land in Italy are covered with water, and whole town and villages are submerged. Many houses have been undermined and fallen. In some places the water reaches the roofs of the highest buildings. Thousands of people are homeless, and others are flying from their dwellings, which are threatened with destruction. The towns of Casol, Magriore and Ostiglia, on the river Po, are in great danger and the inhabitants panic stricken. The suffering is widespread and intense, but relief is going forward from all parts of Italy.

NAPLES, Oct. 28.—The Italian fleet now concentrated in this harbor, consisting of several sail and steam vessels of all kinds, was reviewed to-day by the King. The fleet went through the manœuvres of a naval combat, and the spectacle was witnessed by thousands of people from the sea and shore. The bay was covered with vessels as far as the eye could reach and presented a most animated appearance.

NAPLES, Oct. 28.—A fearful hurricane swept through the province of Syracuse yesterday. Several buildings were blown down, and it is reported that thirty-two persons were buried under the ruins.

Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 22. Official advices report the discovery of a conspiracy in Caucasus for the overthrow of the Russian authorities in that province of the empire. A general rising of the tribes was intended, but the leader of the contemplated revolt was secured and thrown into prison and quiet now prevails.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ Up to this time 132,000 patents have been issued from the Patent Office.

☞ Sheep ravines are ravaging the flocks of the new Haven, Vt., farmers.

☞ Wm. H. Boyden's jewelry shop in Rockland, Scituate, R. I., was destroyed by fire on the 22d. Loss $5000; partially insured.

☞ The persons charged with the Uxbridge Bank robbery have been released, the Grand Jury failing to indict them.

☞ The seven female students in the university of Vermont at Burlington are reported to be fully equal in scholarship to their classmates of the other sex.

☞ There were four hundred and nine gunners in one patch of woods in a town in the eastern part of New Hampshire one day last week, and they all got one grey squirrel.

☞ The little steamer Oriental, which plies across Lake Sebago, was burned at Harrison, Me., Friday night, 25th. The lake navigation is temporarily suspended.

☞ The Mayor of Poughkeepsie offers to send 100 or more yoke of oxen to New York city in case their services are deemed necessary on account of the horse disease.

☞ The flues of the steam boiler at Graves' shipyard in Norfolk, Va., exploded Saturday, killing Peter Evans (colored), the engineer in charge, and Peter Tynes, who was passing along the street. Several others were injured.

☞ A woman who met with a miserable and violent death in Washington a day or two since was the daughter of a New York millionaire, and eloped with her father's coachman fifteen years ago.

☞ The dwelling house of Christopher Haskell and an unoccupied store adjoining, in the Merino village, Dudley, were destroyed by an incendiary fire on Friday, 25th. The valuable library of Mr. D. W. Crosby was destroyed. The buildings were insured for $3000.

☞ W. H. Barney, employed in the shop of the Wason Car Company in Springfield, was caught in a belt on the 25th, and instantly killed. He was about 25 years old, and formerly of Manchester, N. H. He leaves a wife.

☞ On Thursday night, 24th, the barn of Calvin Peabody, about one mile below Bradford village, and 15 tons of hay, a quantity of grain, three cows, a horse, wagon and harness were burned. Loss about ($1200; partially insured.

☞ Calvin Peabody's barn at Bradford, Mass., was destroyed by fire on Thursday night, 24th, with all its contents. Three cows and a horse perished in the flames. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

☞ The wheat crop in Maryland and the Middle States is about thirty-five per cent. less than that of last year. The quality of the wheat grown in most of the States is, however, better than that of last year.

☞ Two heavy iron pillars have been placed in the State house at Hartford as a support to the floor of the State library, which had begun to settle in consequence of the great weight of books in the library.

☞ A letter from Capt. Howland of barque Andrew Hicks, of Watertport, Me., at Fayal, Oct. 3, states that the mate, Mr. Briggs of Monroe Centre, had been taken down by a whale and killed.

☞ Owners of fowls in the southern part of Rhode Island have lost thousands the past year from the hen disease, which is still prevailing extensively there. Whole flocks have been swept off by it, some farmers losing one or two hundred fowls by it.

☞ Westerly, R. I., sportsmen have a good prospect ahead. About two hundred mink escaped a few nights from the minkery of Owen and Pendleton at Mystic, and since then none of the little fugitives have been captured.

☞ At Chester, N. H., on the 13th ult., Jos. Robinson, in jumping from his wagon, caught his foot in the reins, and falling headlong upon a doorstep, broke his neck. He gave one groan, and expired instantly. He was 61 years old.

☞ The railroad men arrested at White River Junction for stealing cigars from the Vermont Central freight cars are now on trial at St Albans, where two of the party have turned State's evidence and made revelations which show that the thing has been going on for some time.

☞ The oil excitement at South Lee still holds out, the flow from the springs continuing unabated. Mr. Wheeler, the Egremont mineralogist, claims that these small springs are only leaks from large supplies of oil, and that coal can be found in the region. In proof of his faith in the latter statement, he is sinking a shaft on the south slope of Monument mountain, having made sixty feet in twelve days, and has discovered an excellent quality of fire-clay suitable for the manufacture of the white fire-brick which are now brought from Bennington, Vt., for use in smelting furnaces, fire-places, grates, etc., although no coal has been found as yet.

☞ The Newport (Vt.) *Express* says the State Legislature is the most temperate for twenty-five years. Through all the departments, among the employees in and about the State House and in the Senate and House, are found none of the old soaks to who have in previous years disgraced the halls of legislation.

☞ Investigation into the probable cause of the sickness which has just caused the closing of the Rhode Island conference seminary at Greenwich, has resulted in the discovery of a leak in the sewer in the rear of the boarding-house, caused by rats, and by which a portion of the sink drainage was deposited under the rear of the house.

☞ An aged man named James M. Wyman, of Mt. Holly, Vermont, was run over at the Winchester street bridge at Keene, N. H. on the 23d, and injured so that he died soon after. He was over eighty years of age, and appeared to have attempted to cross the bridge by crawling along the timbers, as it was getting dark and the footing appeared precarious.

☞ Charles F. Gilson of Pepperell was shot in the back on Wednesday, 23d, by an assassin while standing near a window in the bar-room of his hotel. The shot was fired from the outside of the window. His wound has been probed but the ball had not been found at last accounts. The wound is probably not fatal. No cause is assigned, and no arrest has been made.

☞ Some idea of the extent of the increase of receipts upon the Boston and Albany Railroad during the past year may be gathered from the fact that at the Newton station of the road during this period the total amount received for passengers and freight will nearly reach $150,000. This is an increase from last year far beyond the anticipations of the managers, and the same fact is true of every station between Boston and the termini us of the line.

Business Notices.

OUR COUNTRY.

When first our sires her flag unfurled,
And let it float upon the breeze,
But *thirteen stars* it showed the world,
Where'er it waved, on land or seas,
To such dimensions has she grown,
We number, now, almost two score;
The most enlightened nation known,
Our power extends from shore to shore.
Our Boys can dress in handsome "CLOTHES,"
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
Which they can buy at GEORGE RENDY'S,
Corner of Beach and Washington street.

CARPETS AT RETAIL AT A SACRIFICE.

Our entire cut Stock of over $100,000 in value, comprising a varied assortment of **Rich and Elegant Carpets,** is thrown upon the market at a great sacrifice to close out the same, as our entire room is imperatively needed for our wholesale business.

BRUSSELS TAPESTRIES, 3-PLYS,

INGRAINS, OIL CLOTHS and all goods usually found in first-class warehouses, including every article in our cut stock.

Solid English Brussels, $1.75 up.

English Tapestries, from 95 cents up.

Two-ply Ingrains, 50 cents to $1.

Three-plys at very low prices.

A variety of Carpets, of bright colors and durable texture, resembling three-ply for 50 cents per yard.

Solid Floor Oil Cloths for two shillings per yard.

Over 1000 remnants of high grades, from 1 to 20 yards each at less than cost of production.

Over 1000 Crumb Cloths with borders, at about half price.

Over 2000 Rugs and Mats, of high grade and cheap.

Sheet Oil Cloths to cover floors, in one entire piece; all cut stock at a sacrifice.

Upwards of 100 different patterns of Stair Carpets, for 25 cents to the highest grades—all under price; **Mattings** all sorts.

Church and Office Carpets, Dundee and Hemp Carpets, from 25 cents up.

Particular attention is called to our **FINE AND HIGH GRADE GOODS,** which are among the really cheapest stock we offer in this sale.

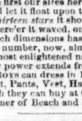
This presents the best opportunity to purchase **CARPETS at a Low Price,** that has been offered for years.

Customers calling early in the day, before the rush commences will have the best chance of selection.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO. New Warehouse, 76, 78, 80 & 82 Friend St., Second Building from Hanover St. 2w44

We are apt, when looking upon some new discovery in the chemical world, and witnessing the practical workings, to wonder how the world could possibly have so long suffered from its want without having discovered the great *desideratum*. Such must be the feeling when witnessing the benefits received by the occasional use of SHOLAND'S BUCHU, which is now the *great* remedy of all family physicians of repute for nervous debility, ulceration of the kidneys and bladder, gravel, diabetes, maladies of the urino-genital organs and all complaints incidental to the female race. 1w44

Vegetine.—No medicine has attained such a great reputation as this justly celebrated compound. 1w44



KEARSARGE

Hear ye the mighty Centaur's tread—
See the long line of myriad dead
With hoofs of horse and human head
Rise up and speak!
"'Twas proud Olympus gave us birth;
For a thousand years we roamed the earth—
Each perfumed flowers of the century plant,—
Drank liquid from the volcano's mouth,
Slew man and beast to play our part,
Then restored to life by the Centaur's art;
Chased wild mares on the field of Mars
Lived on the earth, and slept among the stars."

On other missions now we're sent,
To bless mankind with an emollient,
Of which the world ne'er hath dreamt,
Even our CENTAUR LINIMENT.
It banishes pains and all such things,
Cures burns and scalds, poisonous stings—
Rheumatic horrors scares away,
Limbers stiff joints in a single day.
Poor cripples in their hobbling way,
Limp in on crutches—then walk away.

Fear not dumb horse, thy friend now speaks,
Who'll heal your wounds, and make you leap
Ten bars—piles of oats to bolt,
And frisk about like yonder colt.
Yellow wrapper is the thing for brutes,
White wrapper alone the family suits.

J. F. Ludewig, of Hoboken, N. J., says: "The CENTAUR LINIMENT has cured me of rheumatism, after intense suffering for five years."

"I tried many remedies for my sprained ancle without relief. The second bottle of CENTAUR LINIMENT cured it perfectly." CHAS. HILL, 616 Pine St. Phila.

H. Marsh, Es

Poetry.

From Scribner's for November.

EVERY DAY.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Oh, trifling tasks so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!
Oh, cares which come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long years through!
We shrink beneath their paltry sway,—
The irksome toils of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,
The tiresome round of little things,
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
Its tedious iteration brings;
Who shall evade or who delay
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course
By the tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force,
And yields its substance grain by grain;
So crumble strongest lives away
Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,
Who tracks the tiger for his life,
May wound them ere they are aware,
Or conquer them in desperate strife,
'Tis powerless he to scathe or slay
The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops
Is mightier than the fiercest shock;
The constant fall of water-drops
Will groove the adamantine rock;
We feel our noblest powers decay,
In feeble wars with every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battle-field, and dares
Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath
The needle-points of frets and cares;
The stoutest spirits they dismay—
The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have overcome,
Who wore amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint alway
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire,
We need the humble strength of soul
Which daily toils and ills require;—
Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day!

I Selected Story.

From Scribner's Monthly.

THE TICTOM DEFICIT.

It was Mr. Jerry Tictom's delight to sit before a brisk hard-wood fire with a pair of heavy brass-headed tongs in his hand. Whenever he saw the brands about to fall, he prevented it by laying them tenderly one upon another. The andirons often reflected his thin delicate features, making them round and full with a merry laugh upon them. It was an old trick of the andirons, and the wonder of it to Tictom had ceased long ago.

The fire was wife and family to Jerry—comfort and company. The care of it had grown upon him like a passion. The flames painted his thoughts and in return required of him something, he knew not what to name it, if 'twere not reverence.

Mrs. Holm, his long-time landlady, humored his ways. She gave over to his keeping the fire upon the old-fashioned hearth in the old-fashioned parlor as trustfully as though Jerry were a later Prometheus.

Filled with a happy consciousness of his responsibility, Jerry's care went a step further. The wood whereof the fire was made he ordered himself of the dealer. Many a cargo did he examine before he ordered the winter supply. He knew better than the dealer the individual merits of the different kinds of wood. He revelled in the sweet savor of the silvery birch; he gloried in the red heart of the oak, brave to the core; but it was for the sweet-breathed, rifted pine that he reserved his love, and for which, as it fell to ashes, he sorrowed in the chimney corner. Perhaps he imagined a day when it may have hidden some sweet soul of a dryad.

Each year, for the whole month of September, he hired Tonny Teet the wood-sawer, who would make no other engagements. Certain as September came Tonny, a self-conceited, active little old man with a wooden leg, who seldom confessed his ignorance of anything, but who was easily put down, for all that.

How wholly Jerry gave himself up to enjoyment of an afternoon, when with Tonny on the spot and the day's sawing begun, he sat upon a throne of logs, snuff-box in hand, his gold-headed cane under his arm, his autumn surtout buttoned about his wisp of a body, and watched the dust fall damp and odorous to the music of the saw.

Then Jerry would dream and murmur:—"My life, how like a tree it is! The Springs give and the Autumns take away; bird-songs and winds from many ways and summer memories are woven into every fiber of it, yet the cutter comes, and the sawer like Tonny Teet here, and the heart is cut in twain; the dust, sweet-smelling falls, the fire gladdens and at becomes ashes, ashes, ashes." But, as Thackeray says, "what an old, old simile that is, between man and timber!"

He was fond of comedy, though, to his knowledge, he had never been within a thousand miles of a theater, and Mr. Teet, the wood-sawer, was a comedian of the first water, little as he knew it.

Over and over again Teet had played a play, and Mr. Jerry had witnessed it, and both called it the "*story* of taking the frigate."

Any less conceited soul than Tonny would have quailed before this undertaking.

In his little person he was to represent, (in war-time,) what was supposed to be a great merchant-ship of the enemy, lying nearly becalmed off Thacher's Island. He was also to personate a pinkey of about fifty tons, hurriedly manned and armed, creeping out as a Yankee privateer to surprise and capture her. The pinkey was to approach within gunshot of the merchantman and call upon her to surrender or be sunk without quarter. The ship was then to throw off disguise and bear down as a frigate upon the pinkey, while the latter continued the combat undismayed.

Whoever has played a character at all, may appreciate the difficulties besetting Mr. Teet With legs that were not mates under him, they seemed insurmountable. There was also a lack of stage properties which left more to be imagined than is wont.

The wood-yard was to be the bay. Large logs of wood were loaded and primed and laid in parallel lines upon gun-decks of fancy. Two strips of red and blue flannel, hoisted upon a couple of clothes-poles, were to signal "England expects every man to do his duty" of the sullen man-of-war, and "Don't give up the pinkey!" of the Yankee privateer. There was to nail them to the mast. With this utter lack of sea-room and scenic properties, he was to present to the excited audience (Mr. Tictom) all the incidents of the unequal and desperate encounter.

As the whole affair was to be at the expense of Mr. Tictom, it seemed proper that he should have some choice in the conduct of it. So the sawer deferred to his employer's views.

"Shall we spare the prisoners?" Said Teet.

"Certainly, Tonny, don't for goodness' sake shed any blood."

Tonny looked upon his employer with something like—it could have been only the shadow of—contempt. To expect a sea-fight—to behold all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war—with real gunpowder—and not a drop of blood drawn! O timid Tictom!

Jerry was to let fall his bandanna when ready for the affair to begin. With his eye upon the signal, the sawer waited with a slow-match of oakum to touch the first gun, which he announced would be from the pinkey. The handkerchief fell and the latter called upon the ship to surrender or be sunk. There was a grim silence on board of the bulky merchantman, which the pinkey attributed to fear. But the silence was soon broken by a frigate's broadside, and Mr. Teet's personation of surprise was admirable. He allowed his wooden leg to shiver with it.

Tonny stumped from one line of loaded logs to the other. Both shot handsomely, presenting to the audience a perfectly brilliant though somewhat bewildering scene.

Such was the celerity of Tonny's movements, that now and then Mr. Tictom lost the situation completely, and only recovered it by chance, or when Teet struck some familiar attitude of which he knew the meaning by heart.

Of a truth there were times when either the player's art was at fault or the spectator's fancy failed him, for often it was impossible to see in Teet other than the prosaic little wood-sawer. It was a trying moment to the looker-on when—the pinkey having tacked to deceive the enemy—Tonny stumbled and nearly fell into the jaws of the frigate.

Mr. Tictom played the part of the statesman to perfection. He sat upon an embankment, out of harm's way, crying, "Never surrender! don't give up the pinkey!" Perhaps it was easy to show good statesmanship, but for poor Teet bearing the burden of the day, —personating alternately the scorn of the frigate and the daring of the pinkey, with broadsides to be given and taken, holding the doubtful poise of battle now on this side, now on that,—it was not so easy. When he felt the perspiration running from the scuppers, as it were, and after the last shot had been fired, he allowed the pinkey to escape. He sat down upon the wood-horse, hot, breathless, and content.

For himself, he would rather have fought both craft, bobstay to yard-arm, to the bottom, but the limits prescribed by Mr. Jerry forbade such a bloody conclusion; so he invented the darkness and the escape of the pinkey in it as a masterly maneuver, which, under Providence, it was.

Tonny considered it no mean triumph, that, during the conflict, he succeeded in bringing Mrs. Holm to the window with curiosity in her face and her right hand over her good ear.

"Well done," cried Mr. Jerry from his safety-seat, "well done, Tonny Teet," and hurried down therefrom, went into the house and brought out to the thirsty actor a glass of wine that had not seen sunlight for twenty years. Jerry saw this battle fought over and over in the winter fire, always bearing in the crackling of the forestick the smack of Tonny's lips over that annual glass of wine, a fitting *finale*.

But let it not be concluded that this play as now played was the sudden offspring of Mr. Teet's genius. When Mr. Tictom heard it first it was a simple rill of a story, trickling, shyly along from the lips of the lively old wood-sawer. Mr. Tonny told it without illustration, except here and there a wave of the hand; then at a later telling he set the wood-horse to represent one thing, and a pile of saw-dust another. And again—for by such slow marches perfection comes—the falling of the beetle upon the axe made thunder,—though of a rather thin quality. The loading of the logs as cannon for the engagement was a thought of later growth, a flash of inspiration like, which only visits genius. Thus the story grew to a play, and the play had grown and was growing with every repetition thereof. But for Jerry and Tonny it continued to be the "story of taking the frigate," and no play at all.

Luckily Jerry was a bachelor. As head of a household the time devoted to the "story" would have been required to quiet the baby, and thought, which was now clear as a spark, would have been bewildered in seeking for the hidden ills of infancy.

He lived in an ideal world in which he made ecstatic journeys. In our bread-and-butter world he traveled very little. Here he was punctilious and methodical to an ace. The business of his life demanded it, for he was the executive officer of a moneyed institution. For a certain part of the day his mind fluttered among notes, bills, discount, and balances, at the beck and call of the trader, and borrower, and the money-changer of Seetown. But when he placed the key in the satchel and drew the string thereof, his other life, of which we have had a glimpse, began, to continue until the opening, next morning, of the Seetown Bank.

It was an old institution. Tonny Teet was its messenger, a connection which contributed not a little to his self-importance, and in his own eyes he knew the mysteries of finance and the function of money about as well as President Grim himself. Tonny's associates regarded him as an oracle upon all questions relating to monetary affairs. Only one man ever dared to doubt him.

"How long ago, Teet," said Jesper Frown at Snugg's tavern, where a circle was gathered one winter evening, "did the Bank begin business?"

"Well," replied Tonny, drawing a full breath and pausing in his way to give due weight to his words, "they say her charter,"—the bank was always feminine to Tonny—"was brought over in the Mayflower."

"Well, an' how many year ago was that?" queried Frown, who always wore his name on his forehead, all the plainer now as he thought Tonny's answer vague and evasive. Frown was a rival wood-sawer without a bank connection, and could not endure Teet's show of superiority, especially as he knew he could saw the messenger's legs off—metaphorically ay, and—one of them at least—literally.

"Sir," answered Tonny, drawing a breath not quite so long and pausing a little longer, "I don't just remember myself now, but I've heard my father say 'twas jist arter the Revolution."

"An' I," said Jesper, with the air of a man who knows he is driving the last nail that can be driven in an argument, "an, I've hearn my gran'ther say the Seetown Bank is as old as the Christian era."

The hearers concluded the weight of the evidence was with Jesper, as a gran'ther of course is higher in authority than a father.

Tonny was silent, and the star of his destiny declined thenceforth at Snugg's tavern. How delightful is the pursuit of an enemy who hath a wooden limb! What odds in life have we over a man with a crook in his eye! Our manners—are they not sweeter than his manners? Our aims, nobler than his aims? Our virtues, greater than his virtues?

If Tonny had been made as his Maker left him; if the surgeon and the joiner had never had a job of him, he would doubtless have continued, quoted some great gran'ther, and conquered. But Tonny, alas! crippled in limp, felt crippled throughout—in heart, and hope, and tongue—and was silent.

It is hoped, however, the reader is persuaded that the bank was no monetary mushroom.

It was old and honored and solid. No vote of the directors suspending specie payments sullied the records of Jerry Tictom's bank. It favored the lowly and needy. It turned a deaf ear to speculators, holding them little better than imps from the deeps of eternal darkness. Its new notes were sweet and crisp, and old Parson James took them gladly for wedding-fees from any lucky groom. Its old notes were soft and silky, and grew softer and silkier with well doing. And so the promises to pay of the Seetown bank were piously laid away by many an old lady to pay her funeral expenses. Old, old bills of the old, old Bank, how many of you, having properly buried your possessors, are coming back to the counter to claim your places among the canceled and redeemed!

The bank, being old, believed in the old. No man under threescore was ever a director in it. Among its presidents none had died under ninety. Its officers had been few, for they had lived long and dropped like ripe apples from the functional bough. Longevity was a cardinal virtue there. Even "the boy," Jerry's assistant, had latterly celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his wedding-day.

It had opened and closed—the lucky old institution—in happy ignorance of any such bank-term as "irregularity."

One afternoon in the month of October, President Grim with a city visitor was sitting in the directors' room. The visitor was a bank director, and the talk naturally turned upon bank doings. Finally the President fell to eulogizing their cashier, Mr. Tictom.

"From the day of his appointment," said he, "five-and-twenty years ago, down to this day, his cash has not varied the shadow of a mill. Why, sir, he is wheat: he is gold. He is certain as—as Norman's woe," continued Mr. Grim, who, at home with *per cent.*, seldom undertook to navigate a simile. But now being a little enthusiastic he ventured to it and became shipwrecked upon the reef. He half suspected something was wrong about the comparison, but hastened on:—"Here, sir, is the resolution our Board passed only yesterday." The President turned the leaves of the old record book reverently, and showed it to his visitor in a handwriting round and even as print:—

"*Voted*, That our confidence in Mr. Jerry Tctom, now for twenty-five years last past our beloved associate and cashier, increases with every day and grows from year to year, like some oak with its roots in the ground, and its tops in the summer air, that the birds may build in the branches thereof."

It may strike the critical reader that the wording of this vote was rather above the mean of corporation resolutions. The labor of drawing it had been allotted to Mr. Muse, who had a local reputation as a poet.

"Put heart in it," had been the only injunction of the President, who was all heart.

"Not too formal," said director Mixx, whose good-nature overflowed in his like the juice in a cut orange.

"Rest assured," was the response. Thus the heart in the resolution must be credited to the President; the lack of formality to Mr. Mixx, and the poetical figure of the oak to the drawer himself, who happily sustained, in his own mind, his reputation.

It is true, Mr. Snap made his usual ill-humored remark, which nipped Mr. Muse's delight over his success in the bud.

"Roots in the ground! What in the deuce," asked that cross-grained gentlemen—"I say, who in the deuce ever heard of their being anywhere else?"

The city visitor, to whom such a resolution was as new as a primer, congratulated the bank upon the possession of such an officer.

At this moment the door of the directors' room opened and "the boy" beckoned to the President. Mr. Grim was in a happy mood. His eighty summers seemed like down under his feet. Excusing himself, he entered the room where the beloved Mr. Tictom had been "getting up his cash" for the day.

Alas! What is human perfection? What is an accountant but a sailor at sea with the chances of shipwreck all about him?

The glancing eye of the President detected something wrong in the room. "The boy" had a tear in his eye and was wiping his spectacles. The fire had been neglected—a sorrowful sign. The fore-stick had wasted to a couple of fallen brands that shed their white ashes as the President passed the hearth. The tongs were not in their accustomed corner of the fire-place.

Mr. Tictom—fastidious, trusted, and punctilious Jerry Tictom—was no longer immaculate. There was an ink-spot on his right wrist-band; otherwise he was neat as ever, but nervous. He was about to launch a thunderbolt at the heart of the President of Seetown Bank. He looked incapable of it—the neat, pure, idealistic Jerry. He seemed so little like Jupiter, that little figure in a high-collared, mouse-colored coat. He even smiled, or strove to. But smiles and murder have gone hand in hand.

"Mr. Grim," said Jerry, in a voice soft and supplicating,—a thought too tender for a thunderbolt,—"I regret to say, sir, my cash is short."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mr. Grim, and sank back overcome in an oaken chair. More brands fell apart, and a cloud of ashes went up the chimney from the uncared-for fire.

"A deficit! Tictom, a—what?" Were the walls of the universe—the Seetown Bank—crumbling? It was a dream. How queerly dreams come! No, no, Jerry Tictom, he was no dream. The tear of "the boy" was no dream. And he himself, Greeley Grim—was he a dream? No, he was a fact, and "the boy" was a fact. But Tictom, what was he?

"Are you sure?" queried the President finally.

"Sure," replied Jerry.

"How much?" Mr. Grim shivered. Every one of his eighty winters seemed snowing their snows upon his unprotected head.

"Six cents!" responded the cashier pathetically.

"Tictom," said the President,—'tis surprising how laconic we can be when dealing with misfortune! Tictom had always the "Mr." from the President until this unhappy moment; the cashier felt the change, and many of the planets of perspiration upon his bald head rolled from their places and became unhappy spots of Tictom upon the floor.

"Tictom," said the President, solemnly, "if 'twas a thousand dollars, I'd draw my check for it; but a *cussed* four-pence-ha'-penny deficit! 'Tis damnable, Mr. Tictom,"—Mr. T. felt thankful for the restoration of the title, —"I'll go home."

"The boy" helped him on with his surtout; he proceeded to his visitor in the other room and they withdrew.

The cashier dismissed "the boy" and was alone with his sorrow—his first error. He put away the bills and the cents, the silver and the gold, that seemed to have no value in them now. He whetted his knife and cut a quill for to-morrow's work, but he spoilt it; another and another likewise. He gave up the pen business. He raked the coals upon the hearth, covered them carefully with ashes, and, simple as was the proceeding, he drew comfort from it.

Locking the bank he turned towards home. As he passed the church-yard he paused longer than usual before a moss-covered stone with the inscription—"Sacred to the memory of Ruth,"—moss concealed the remainder, except the figures "18." Then he thought of the same words, "to the memory of Ruth," graven on his heart, which the moss could never reach to cover.

At the tea-table he left his toast scarcely tasted. Good Mrs. Holm, suspecting some lack of appetite, sent Joanna, her trustiest maid, to the closet for a pot of strawberry jam. He declined it. Though she could conceive of no ill beyond the reach of her jam to cure, she lamented now that she had spared her quince jelly.

Her alarm was fully aroused when, later, Jerry did not call for his evening doughnut and glass of milk. She immediately put some thoroughwort on the hearth to steep. Then her womanly fancy conjured a thousand possible contingencies. She opened her Bible to look at Jerry's signature at the bottom of a Seetown bank bill, between the leaves of the book of Job!

"If anything should happen to Mr. Tictom," she said to herself as she smoothed out the note tenderly, "I would name my parlor tongs after him." And with this consoling promise her heart grew happier.

Jerry meanwhile sat in the old parlor before a cheerful fire of birch and pine-wood. He would have taken flight into his ideal world, but the day's disaster held him down. Nevertheless, fire and tongs had for him their wonted charm.

Well for him who, after some misfortune of the day, can retreat to the chimney corner and throw evil forebodings upon the evening back-log!

He felt like some great captain who has lost a battle; we all know how. For are we not all captains of something in our little way? Have we not all had our losses of battles, or marbles, or sweethearts, or chances of promotion?

Hours went. Out of the birch and pine boughs came to him all kinds of woodland melodies and the garnered fragrence of twenty summers.

Next morning he approached the day's labor with reluctance. The fire was perfect, and the woman who put the rooms to rights had added many a womanly touch that he felt.

But he must begin the day with an entry unheard of in the books—those stately, scrupulous volumes of the Seetown Bank. A "Suspense" account! The word had a fearful look in English. If he only knew Greek, that he might put it in that character!

He looked out of the window upon the wharf at which a Nova Scotia schooner was unloading wood. He watched as it came tumbling out. What a landscape is to the painter, what a block of marble is to the sculptor, a cargo of wood was to Jerry Tictom; he confessed its capabilities, but he could not bury himself now in their contemplation.

Jesper Frown was sawing wood near by, thinking of Tonny Teet and wishing he were a messenger of the bank. "But he will drop off one of these days," thought Jesper, "and then—." Now Frown was the senior of Tonny by ten years, but "all men think all men mortal but themselves."

"If I were only a wood-sawer," thought Jerry.

The negro steward of the schooner was deep in the, to him, intellectual employment of frying flap-jacks for the captain's breakfast. Occasionally he went from caboose to cabin with the product of his art, returned and began again his labor with sleepy unconcern. Jerry looked and wondered if he had any suspense account,—if Sambo's cash was ever short! Perhaps not; yet Sambo had his troubles—a tale of unrequited affection, too unhappy for this page. Once in the little journey the clacking rolled his eyes unsettlingly toward the window where Mr. Tictom stood, and that person drew back out of sight, feeling that everybody and everything, from the negro to the ruler on the desk before him, knew of his misfortune.

He turned to his ledger. No; he would not give "Suspense" the honor of a full page. So he placed it under "Collection."

Dr. Suspense	
To error	.06

Every letter of the word looked to him as though raised upon the page.

The news of the error had traveled from one director another with a speed which would have surprised electricity. The weekly meeting came, the records of the last meeting were read, and the resolution stared the Board in the face. What should be done?

President Grim now regretted his advice to the drawer to "put heart in it." Mr. Mixx now wished it had been a little formal; and Mr. Muse, why, as the words lay there dry and cold in black and white, they did look a little high-flown, though while they were wet with ink they thought them uncommonly neat.

Mr. Vent, who had a winter's experience in the State Senate, and had grappled with all manner of parliamentary difficulties, moved it be "laid upon the table." As it was already upon the record, the President ruled the motion "out of order," thereby wounding the pride of the mover, who contended that if he knew himself anywhere it was among parliamentary problems.

Mr. Wright, a genuine Jackson man, moved "it be expunged." This was lost, because the Board wished to avoid anything that looked like leaning to Jacksonism.

Mr. Snap had maintained his wonted ominous silence during the debate. Finally, he snarled out in his way,—"Let the blasted tree keep its roots in the ground; why don't you give Tictom leave of absence and increase his salary?"

This suggestion, uttered almost at random by the speaker, was met favorably. There came near being a split upon the salary question, a few maintaining that four hundred and fifty dollars was liberal pay. At last it was voted as follows:

"That Mr. Tictom was requested to take a month's vacation,—that his salary be raised to five hundred dollars per annum, and that Mr. Amos Meeker, the assistant, be appointed acting cashier during the absence of Mr. Tictom." The meeting adjourned.

It was now Mr. Grim's turn in the thunderbolt line. He looked as little like Jupiter as Jerry, yet there was a dignity almost Olympian in the manner with which he announced the vote of the Board to the unhappy cashier.

Mr. Tictom was bewildered. A month's vacation! Why was that? A month's leave of absence! Where should he go? What could he do? The winter's wood was all in doors.

For a quarter of a century, every workday, he had left widow Holm's door, turned down by the church, lingered a little before that old slate slab in the church-yard, near the fence, nodded to every one he met, adding a smile if 'twas a child or a stockholder, entered the bank, mended his pens, debited, credited, paid and received moneys, and returned again to muse before the fire in winter, or to watch a bed of growing pansies in Spring and Summer. And now to find all this interrupted! It was a fearful thing to come upon him in his old age. A younger man—"the boy" now—would have gloried in it, but to Jerry it brought only distraction.

And that fifty dollars additional to his salary! Another embarrassment. The quarter-days now came around so fast he could not spend his income, and his last six months' salary lay undrawn. Why did the Board add to his perplexities at this crisis?

Jerry could think of nothing more pathetic than parting with a key, and he would have esteemed an ex-turnkey the most unhappy man living. For five and twenty years he had carried the bank keys in a little satchel in his left breast coat pocket, near his heart, and the frequency with which he placed his hand upon his breast to assure himself of their safety led Mrs. Holm to imagine him troubled with an affection of the heart.

To turn the keys over to another, though it were to Amos Meeker, cost him an effort, but they were delivered without a word.

He had somewhere read that travel was a great solace to troubled souls. He would take a far-off journey. There was an old aunt of his, living fifteen or twenty miles away among the hills, if living at all,—God bless her,—whom he could visit, and cheer in her lonely days.

So little was he accustomed to journey, that he would have started with simply a bundle-handke rchief with his *bonnet de nuit*, a change of linen, and a few ounces of snuff. But the more worldly-wise widow would not have it so. So Mr. Tictom became to Mrs. Holm as clay in the hands of the potter.

She bade Joanna bring down a trunk from the garret.

"It was Seth's," she said, "but Seth being dead will not need it again."

She took out the woolens, examined them diligently, hoping to come suddenly upon a rogue of a moth, but in vain.

She urged upon the yielding bachelor a blood-stone, to stay bleeding of the nose if attacked; making the same cheerful remark about it that she made upon the trunk. She put aside some other valuables for him; some horse-chestnuts as a charm against rheumatism; a few herbs,—wormwood for his appetite, if it should fail him; lungwort for cough, if he should have any; a packet of pennyroyal and thoroughwort for miscellaneous ailments to which he might be liable away from home.

The traveler around the world to-day takes only a tithe of the precaution which the good lady took for her favored boarder against the ills which might beset him.

And the boarder of to-day—are the woolens ever taken unseasonably out of Seth's trunk for him? Doth any landlady part with her pennyroyal for his sake? If the tea and toast do not tempt, is the present Joanna sent for a jar of strawberry jam, I wonder?

Mr. Tictom took all this regard for him in good part. The amiable man would not have objected to a touch of rheumatism for the sake of pleasing the lady and proving the power of the chestnut charm, but he did not care to go far in consumption for the chance of being—perhaps—brought back with lungwort.

All the town knew of his intended departure, and the why and hour thereof, and as the early stage-coach made its last tarry at Tappaan's corner, many of the townspeople were already there to bid him "good-speed." Tonny Teet was there in his official coat, wiping something out of his eyes—saw-dust maybe. Jesper Frown stood aloof as became a rival wood-sawer without a bank connection; luckier than Tonny, there was nothing in his eyes to wipe away.

The driver clucked, snapped his whip in the ear of the nigh leader, and the coach roiled away, Mr. Tictom within and Seth's trunk on the rack behind.

We do not propose to follow that morning coach. Only one remark has come to us of the conversation within it on that day. It was made by the little old gentleman of the road-er's acquaintance to his neighbor, the only time he opened his lips to speak for the journey. "I had no idea the world was so large," he said, as he looked abroad for a moment out of the moving window. This world had always seemed very little to Jerry.

Mr. Tictom had not been absent more than a fortnight when he received two letters postmarked "Seetown." One was in the handwriting of President Grim, and the other was evidently directed by the *ci-devant* "boy." Had the bank fallen? No, no; that could not be.

Which should be opened first? The decision fell upon that of the Meeker. He pecked at the seal nervously with his thin fingers. Then suddenly he plunged in and read:—

SEETOWN BANK,
SEETOWN, Oct. 29, 18—.

MR JERRY TICTOM:

Respected Sir: In a crack of the floor.

Yours forever and ever,
AMOS MEEKER, Acting Cashier.

Mr. Tictom was amazed as he had never been before at the information. It was very meager, but to say misty. "Poor Meeker," he said, "the promotion has upset him."

He had forgotten the other letter. He recalled it now, opened it mechanically, and read as follows:—

SEETOWN BANK,
SEETOWN, 29, 18—.

MR. JERRY TICTOM:

Dear Sir: That cussed four-pence-ha'penny deficit has turned up.

Verily yours,
GREELEY GRIM, President.

All was clear; he had opened the wrong letter. Together the letters were intelligible enough. The delightful news had been put in two sheets by the happy officers for fear one should miscarry.

In due time Mr. Tictom returned, looking ten years younger. Mrs. Holm attributed this effect to the herbs she had so thoughtfully provided, and thenceforth, whenever the virtue and efficacy of herb-tea were doubted or assailed, she triumphantly quoted Mr. Tictom and his recovery from trouble.

The kindly bachelor never hinted that nut and herb charm and panacea had made pictures for him in the evening fire in the country.

In after days this episode in the annals of the Seetown Bank was alluded to as "the Tictom deficit."

General Miscellany.

From Harpers' Magazine for November.

THE GREAT MOTHER.

BY CARL SPENCER.

Our tender mother, Nature!—she has a word for each;
To-day or else to-morrow she'll name you in her speech:
Say her she smiles too lightly—there are weepers every day—
But go you to the meadows when trouble's once away.

All the shining and the song
Shall nothing seem to wrong:
Oh, the world is so good, and may the world live long!

We know the Garden's story—sorrow is old as man:
Is sorrow old as the world? Who knows which first began?
Whoever tuned the chorus till the chief singer came,
Through all his echoing ages the key has been the same.

For Adam in his time,
And for each in passion's prime,
The joy-bells and the dirges ring an interchime.

The hearts of men are rivers that chafe in ordered grove
With now a song of sighing, and now a song of love:
O Nature, mother Nature, she hath borne us on her breast
Till her own great heart is beating in flow with our unrest.

Many a time the sky
Hath wept its blue eyes dry
Ere ever wept beneath it you and I.

She has winds that cry of conflict to the soul that strives
She has deserts bitter-hearted with the grief of wasted lives
She has lonely rocks and moors, and ever-sighing seas;
And some day you shall hearken to your own life in these.

But it's Ho, all the day,
When trouble's once away,
And again she'll pipe for us, and we'll be gay.

She has mountains weird and kingly, with the cloud upon their head;
She has fearful thunder-places where the storms are bred;
But strength and safety gird her—sea depths and mountain bars;
And peace is where Eternity dwells among the stars.

And it's hush, all the night
And the moon-gleam lieth white,
Like the pale hand of Peace, shutting the lids from sight.

All to keep the life in us, the life that goeth fast;
Ever she turns and turns it, but it weareth out at last;
Sorely and oft she sigheth to put the old away;
So to us shall tears be given when we have had our day,

Then for us the earth will keep
A silence sweet and deep,
And again she'll sing for us, and we shall sleep.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXPERIMENT AT SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

It only requires that manufacturers should be made aware that their business can be carried on upon an entirely different system, and that the pecuniary results of a sympathetic interest in the condition of their workmen are as marked as is the improvement in the moral and physical well-being of the workmen themselves. The conclusive evidence of this is to be found in the industrial enterprise carried on at South Manchester, Connecticut, under the proprietorship of the brothers Cheney. Here is a most successful enterprise, which has been built up by the patient and persistent energy of forty years. Its specialty, that of silk-weaving, has been so frequently tried in this country without success, that it has been generally supposed that it could not be introduced here. Numerous unsuccessful experiments have been made by the brothers Cheney themselves. They have tried raising the silk; they have imported the workmen; they have tried the various experiments which any one who is at all familiar with the difficulties in the way of sucessfully introducing any new industrial process know it is necessary to try. But with patient perseverance they have steadily persisted until success has been achieved. Great as is the credit due to every one who has increased the wealth of the country by the establishment of any new industrial process—and perhaps in this peculiarly commercial age we are to apt to overestimate this —and prone as we are to worship success, we are too prompt to recognize it, regardless of the means by which it is attained or of the effects it has produced upon others; yet the credit due is the greater, when, as in this case, the success arrived at has not been merely a pecuniary one, and the methods used to attain it have been such as were consistent with an elevated sense of the responsibilities of wealth, and a large-hearted sympathy with those who have aided in attaining it.

With a wise confidence in the inherent moof human nature, the proprietors have known that the golden rule is more than a mere dictum, suitable perhaps for our Sunday professions, but wholly inapplicable to the practical business transactions of the other days of the week, and from the commencement of their enterprise they have sought to apply it. The grounds about the mill are laid out like a park. The firm consists of six brothers, and their houses are arranged suitably about the grounds. Fences, which are always so ugly in a landscape, unless by their decay they please a sentimental love of the picturesque, and which are morally so objectionable for the isolation and selfish distrust of our neighbors which they suggest, are abolished all over the domain.

The cottages for the workmen in South Manchester have all been designed with an artistic taste, while considerations of their interior convenience have not been overlooked. They are all furnished with a constant supply of water, drawn from springs upon the domain and also with gas. Thus two most important conditions for comfort are guaranteed, and in these respects the dwellings provided compare most favorably with such as are usual in small manufacturing towns in New England. Plenty of water and plenty of light, with abundant ventilation, simple necessities as they are, are sadly wanting in the homes of industry, though it requires[1] so little foresight to provide for these, especially in villages where the supply of them is practically infinite. It has been found advisable to locate the homes of the different nationalities at points remote from each other, thus avoiding any possible turmoil which might grow out of petty discords. Cattle and chickens are prohibited, as either would be detrimental to the unfenced gardenpatches.

The rent for these cottages is low, averaging rather under than over one hundred dollars a year. The brothers Cheney have recognized the fact that the charge of rent is an onerous one to wages, and that the operative can not afford to pay a high price any more than the proprietor can afford to charge one. The workman, to be self-respecting, must be surrounded with the material conditions of self-respect; but it is a very short-sighted policy upon the part of the manufacturer who makes such conditions for his workmen a matter of pecuniary speculation. Yet it appears to be as hard to convince the proprietors of this simple fact as it was to convince the slaveholders that slavery was a more expensive system than free labor.

By the economy which always results in operating at wholesale, these cottages are built at a cost upon which the rent, cheap as it is, affords, not a profitable, but a satisfactory interest. The domestic supplies for the families of the operatives are furnished at a store in which the proprietors of the factory have no interest, but over which they exercise a supervision, seeing that the materials furnished are good of their kind, and that the prices charged are just. This arrangement is a much better one than that of a "company store," which is so common elsewhere, especially with joint-stock companies, and in which the greed for large dividends makes the supply of the operatives' wants only another opportunity taken advantage of by the owners to make a farther profit from their necessities.—*Edward Howland, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

A CHARACTERISTIC EXHIBITOR.

Ten or twelve years ago a group of very fine grizzly bears was exhibited in New York by "Old Adams," a celebrated hunter and trapper, dead now for some years past. This man was in himself a show nearly as strange as the beasts exhibited by him. He was a pure but well-knit man, apparently about fifty years of age at the time of which I speak. His face, hardened by long exposure to the Rocky Mountain storms, reminded one in its texture and color of a parchment mask, through which, as it were, two beady black eyes gleamed with smouldering fire from beneath the shade of a pair of bushy eyebrows; and it would have puzzled the most adroit even of those barbers who announce that they cut hair "to suit the countenance," to put into anything like form the matted locks of his wild hair and beard, which were long and of an ashy-white hue. When exhibiting his animals, Old Adams used to appear in his hunter's costume of buckskin coat and leggings, the blood-stains that had dried into which gave evidence of many fierce conflicts with such ferocious creatures as are to be encountered in the gulches and canons of the mountains. This man, who seemed to be gifted with an uncommon magnetic influence over wild animals, had brought some of his bears to a remarkable degree of docility. One old she-bear of great size, captured by him when young, used to carry his pack for him, he said, during his expeditions over the mountains, and he had slept many a night with his head pillowed on her shaggy hide. These bears would sometimes rebel, however, and during their stay in New York it was no unusual thing to see old Adams, with his clothes sadly rent, his hands gashed and torn, and sometimes with one arm in a sling, making his way with gloomy but victorious looks to the office of a surgeon, whose services he always called into requisition when he had come out lacerated after a "free fight" with his bears.—*Lippincott's Magazine for November.*

FALL FIRES.

The necessity of keeping warm naturally suggests fires. And why cannot we have them earlier in the fall? What is there about a fire that we should shrink from it until its warmth becomes a necessity? Cost of fuel has much to do with the late advent of warm hearthstones, but there are other luxuries which do not frighten us that are much more costly and not nearly so well worth the money that is paid for them.

Apart from its healthfulness, of which so much could be said that we will say nothing, a fire in the fall is a luxury. Not only because in the mornings and evenings it softens the indoor air, as the sun softens the air out-of-doors at noon, but suggests the joys of winter at a time when its hardships are not yet known; it gives us the habit without the horror. And if we are conditioned as to be able to command a wood fire—never so suitable as in the mildly cold days of October and November—how can we reconcile it to our conscience to deny it to ourselves? Let us then bring

"Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine and cedar sweet;
Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak.
A fagot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking
Shall light us to our drinking,
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking."

And even if we have to omit the peat, and though tea shall fill our drinking cup—let us have the fire.—*Home and Society, in Scribner's for November.*

MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

Merle d'Aubigne has never taken any part in the politics of his native city. A genial old man of seventy-eight years, he lives sometimes at his little country house on the lake, sometimes in his apartments in the Rue Evrard. He is the founder of the Free Church of Geneva, which differs from the cantonal Protestant Church in that it is more like that of our Methodists, and believes in the separation of church and state. For it may be necessary to explain that the government of Geneva carries its liberality in ecclesiastical matters so far as to keep up the established Protestant Church and to pay the Roman Catholic priest his salary. The Russians have one of their magnificent gilded churches here. The English have their church, and the Jews their synagogue. So that any class of people have a right, like those following Merle d'Aubigne, to support themselves in perfect religious freedom. It is now over forty years since the historian of the Reformation established this Swiss Methodism, and it already has its connections in France, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States. Merle d'Aubigne has for years been at the head of the theological school in Geneva, teaching its doctrines. The students come to him now when he does not feel strong enough to go out. He had just dismissed a class from his dining-room on the afternoon of my visit. There is something scholarly in the kind old man's face. His eyes look all the brighter for their heavy, over-arching eyebrows. He speaks English admirably, and one of his twenty published volumes is in that language. It is called "Germany, England, and Scotland; or, Recollections of a Swiss Minister." It was printed in London in 1848. His second wife, the mother of his young family, is an Irish lady. He has a brother in the United States, who, I have been told, lost a good deal of money for him in our civil war. But he is still by no means poor. His English edition of the "History of the Reformation" has had an almost unparallelled sale in Great Britain.—From "Geneva," by Ralph Keeler, in *Harper's Magazine for November.*

LOOKING BACK.

The following are the opening paragraphs of Dr. Holland's serial, "Arthur Bonnicastle," begun in *Scribner's* for November:

Life looks beautiful from both extremities. Prospect and retrospect shine alike in a light so divine as to suggest that the first catches some radiance from the gates, not yet closed, by which the soul has entered, and that the last is illuminated from the opening realm into which it is soon pass.

Now that they are all gone, I wrap myself in dreams